THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION NUMBER,
WITH FOUR-PAGE PANORAMA OF THE NAVAL REVIEW.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 1870.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

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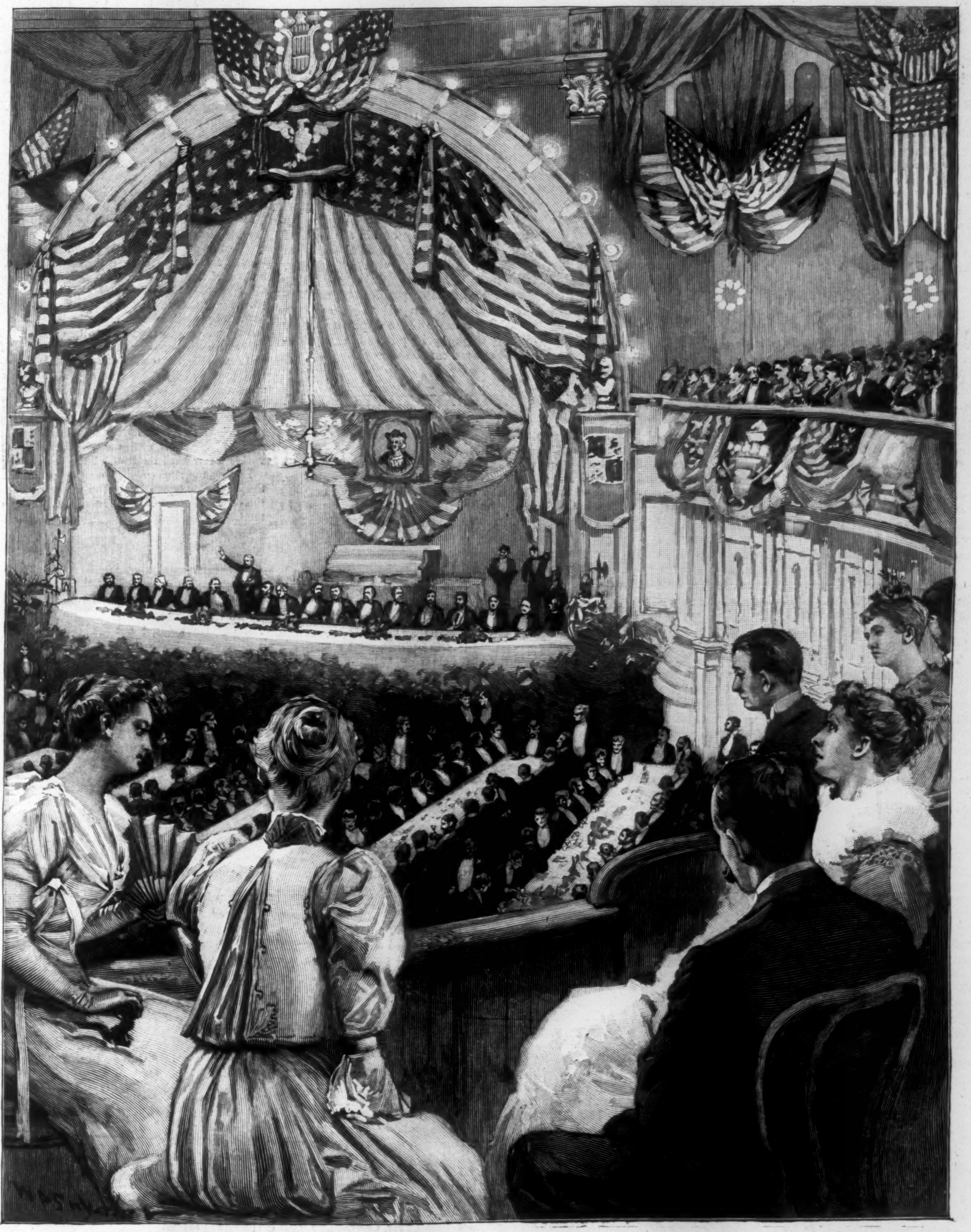

THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION—THE BANQUET AT LENOX LYCEUM.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-Four Pages.)

PUBLISHED

New York City, October 22, 1892.

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CHANGES IN PARTY GOVERNMENT.

When in 1884 the Democrats had carried the Presidential election, multitudes of Republicans stood utterly perplexed at the novelty of the situation. The Republican party had been in possession of the executive branch of the government nearly a quarter of a century, ever since 1861, save during the short period of Mr. Johnson's incumbency; but he was considered only an apostate, and the large Republican majorities in both branches of Congress rendered him almost powerless. The Republican mind had accustomed itself to the idea, and gradually raised that idea to the dignity of a creed, that the Republican party embodied in itself all the vital principles and forces of the republic, and that its ascendency continued to be as indispensable to the existence of the country as it had been during the civil war, when the Union was to be saved and slavery to be abolished, and during the reconstruction period, when the results of the civil war were to be preserved and anchored in the national Constitution. The ordinary Republican actually regarded the national government as rightfully *belonging* to the Republican party, and a Republican in the Presidential chair appeared to him as simply an integral part of the order of the universe—not only for the present, or for the next four years, but for an indefinite time to come.

This naïve conception of the nature of American institutions received, indeed, a rude shock by the Presidential election of 1884, but it has survived with a great many honest Republicans, and we hear it said every day and stoutly maintained in this Presidential campaign that the Republican party is entitled to the possession of power; that, say what you will, the Republican party is the only political party fit to govern this country; that it alone has the necessary patriotism, virtue, knowledge, experience, and traditional aptitude for the task; that Cleveland was only a sort of usurper when he first occupied the Presidential chair, and that a Democratic victory now would be no less a usurpation; that the Democrats, if the usurpation should again be successful, would not know how to govern, and that it would be utter folly to trust them with so great a responsibility. This is by no means a harmless hallucination. There is a dangerous fallacy at the bottom of it, which, if entertained by a cohesive majority of the people, would hardly fail to produce serious consequences as to the character and working of our institutions.

Those who entertain it admit that a democratic government, such as ours, is a government by political parties. But they do not see that this does not mean constant government by one political party. Whenever it becomes constant government by one political party, it ceases to be democratic government in the true sense. It becomes in essence government by an oligarchy. To keep democratic government in a healthy condition it is essential not only that there can be, theoretically, a change of parties in power, but that such a change should actually take place from time to time. Nothing is more detrimental to the morals of a political party than to remain long in the possession of the government. A party that does that will inevitably lose the proper sense of responsibility. It will become arrogant in its pretensions, and intolerant as well as heedless of criticism. It will grow more and more arbitrary in its methods, and more and more reckless in the selection of the means by which to keep itself in power. It will drive its most conscientious members one after another into opposition, and attract in their places mercenary characters who are the more active and pushing the more unscrupulous they are in the pursuit of selfish ends. The party will thus gradually fall under the management of its most dangerous elements. It is true that by the long exercise of power it will possess itself of much knowledge and experience in the administration of public affairs, and much skill in handling the machinery of the government. But it is also true that if the right moral spirit has departed from its control, the more expert such a party becomes in administration and management, the more apt it will be to abuse its superior knowledge and experience for selfish ends, the more dangerous to the public interest, the less fit to be longer intrusted with the powers of government, and all the more urgent will be the necessity of supplanting it in power by an opposition party.

Applying this to our present situation, we find that the Republican party has gone through all the stages of development here described. With all the noble aims and magnificent achievements of its past, with all the patriotism, virtue, and wisdom once gathered in its ranks, it has not been able to escape the fate of political organizations long exposed to the seductions of great power. It has become a party controlled by selfish interests, and a great political engine managed by workers for spoil. In constantly growing number men are dropping away from it for reasons of conscience, and almost all of those who, leaving the opposition, join it do so confessedly because its leading policy promises them more money. When such a party asks for popular support on the ground of its skill and experience in the art of government, and because, as it believes, the government really belongs to it, these are just the reasons why that support should not be given. That the Democratic party is less skilled and experienced in the conduct of our national affairs may be true. Having been kept out of the complete possession of power for so long a time, it may have become unused to its responsibilities. But a deficiency in skill and experience on the one side is probably much preferable to too intimate a familiarity with the tricks of the trade on the other. Moreover, it is of vital importance in the working of democratic institutions that there should be more than one political party recognized as capable of carrying on the government; and the importance of this is so great that, grotesque as it might seem at the first blush, circumstances are imaginable under which it would be profitable to the public interest to put a political party into power merely for the purpose of practising it in its exercise.

But at present no such experimental venture is called for. The Democratic party offers to the country a candidate for the Presidency who has already given the amplest proof not only of his ability and skill in the administration of public affairs and in the management of the governmental machinery, but also of a patriotism, wisdom, and conservative spirit which put all Republican predictions of danger and disaster to shame. In all these respects there is not the slightest risk. The opportunity for the desirable change of party in power is exceptionally favorable, and should not be missed.

TARIFF AGITATION AND THE ELECTION.

What will be the practical effect of the election on the agitation of the tariff question? There are some who believe, or affect to believe, that the triumph of Mr. Harrison will set at rest all discussion of the subject, while the election of Mr. Cleveland will fan the flames of agitation. Most of those who take the first position are not business men, but politicians who are the authors and supporters of our present system, and who are naturally anxious that their handiwork shall keep them in power.

The merits of the argument have already been discussed by the Weekly. Agitation of the tariff will not cease so long as there is a tariff which is intended to afford excessive protection to favored interests. The only period in the peaceful history of the country when the tariff was not an issue in politics was that between the adoption of the Walker tariff of 1846 and the outbreak of the war. It was then generally recognized that the tariff question had been settled by the statute, which reduced the rates of duty, first, to an average of about twenty-five per cent., and, second, to an average of about twenty per cent.

In 1865 debate again sprang up. By 1870 the time had come, in the opinion of a large number of public men, including some of the most eminent Republican leaders, to return to the system prevailing in the decade (1850 to 1860) of the country's greatest relative growth. From that time to this the struggle has gone on, not between those who would conserve existing tariffs, but between two classes of agitators, one endeavoring to increase the tariff tax and the other exerting itself to decrease it. The high protectionists have been the agitators oftener than the advocates of lower duties, for the reason that in the last twenty-seven years they have been in full control of Congress almost constantly. In 1867, for example, they disturbed the woollen manufacturers by raising the rates of duty on their raw material. In 1883 a Republican President appointed a Tariff Commission, whose report admitted that duties should be lower, while it actually increased them. A Republican Congress, acting ostensibly on that report, enacted a law which raised the average rate of duty beyond that provided for by the Commission.

Agitation does not depend wholly upon who is President, but upon the character of the House of Representatives. Agitation by the friends of lower duties will probably not cease by reason of Mr. Harrison's election, for almost beyond the shadow of a doubt the next House of Representatives will be Democratic, and the history of the present House shows that a Democratic majority is not deterred by Mr. Harrison's presence in the White House from striving to do something for tariff reform.

If Mr. Harrison should be elected, and if, as is highly probable, a Democratic House should be chosen, the members of the majority and those who voted for them will believe that Mr. Cleveland's defeat was compassed by the money of the protected manufacturers. In view of this, it is to be anticipated that the agitation in Congress will be intensified by the angry disappointment occasioned by what will be regarded as an unfair defeat.

On the other hand, the election of Mr. Cleveland would have a conservative influence. The responsibility of power is a marvellous deterrent to radicalism. The country has already had proof of this. When Mr. Cleveland was President, Representative (now Senator) Roger Q. Mills was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. There are few tariff reformers in public life so radical as Mr. Mills, but the bill that he introduced was about the mildest measure consistent with any tax reduction whatever that could have been conceived.

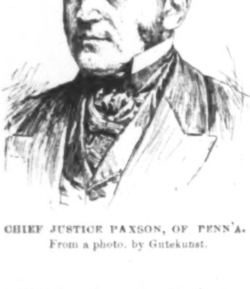
If it is agitation of the question that is to be feared, Mr. Cleveland's election will be very much better for the business interests of the country than Mr. Harrison's, because the Democratic House will not only continue to introduce bills and to debate them, but in the event of Mr. Harrison's election those bills will be for political and campaign purposes, and will be intended to indicate the eventual position of the party. Whereas, if Mr. Cleveland succeeds, the measures will be such as will be most likely to be forced through a Republican Senate in obedience to the popular verdict.

The reform of the tariff must come, and the sooner it is begun the more gradual and conservative will be its progress.

THE LAW OF TREASON.

At the time of the Homestead riots last July thoughtful observers saw that the real questions at issue were not of hours or wages, not of the use of more or less machinery in the mills, not of the employment of one or another workman, but of the preservation of social order and the supremacy of law. A body of men calling themselves "organized labor" suppressed and superseded the lawful authorities in a large community, and substituted their own orders, designed to enforce the desires of a particular class, for the laws which protect the rights of the whole people. The government of Pennsylvania for a long time hesitated, and a great part of the press everywhere showed itself timid and even cringing before this insurrection, evidently because it was supposed that the political and social power of the labor organizations throughout the country would be used to punish those who should enforce or maintain the legal rights of men denounced by them as oppressors. This cowardice on the part of politicians for a time obscured the situation to the public, and it seemed that the question whether the Constitution and the laws of a State should be liable to be set aside at the pleasure of an association determined to right its supposed wrongs by violence was one which must be seriously discussed, and which remained to be decided. The profound distrust in the capacity of our people for self-government, and especially the contempt for the laboring-men of the nation exhibited by those who expected them to support the rebellion, proved to be mistaken. Public opinion gradually became enlightened as to the fearful results of surrendering the law to the mob. The State asserted its authority, garrisoned the city with its whole military force, and for three months has held it, until the rebellion has melted away, and within a few days the troops have been withdrawn.

During the riots great crimes were committed. The authorities now try to bring the guilty parties to account in the criminal courts. In view of the gravity of these cases, the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania has been called to preside in the County Court of Allegheny County, and on October 10th he charged the grand jury, defining the law applicable to the offence of the rioters. He pointed out with clearness the nature of treason against the State, and showed that when a combination of men abolish the regular administration of law in any section of the State, and by violence drive away the legal authorities, setting up their own edicts and enforcing them, every act wilfully done in furtherance of the combination is an act of treason, and every person committing such acts is guilty of treason as a principal. This definition of the law has excited surprise and questioning comment in many quarters. But it is in reality only the old common law of our fathers, by which free government and civil order have been established and maintained ever since they were first known. If the application of this law is a surprise now, it is because we as a nation and as State communities have been for so long a time free from disturbance by local insurrections that the necessity for it has been largely forgotten.



CHIEF JUSTICE PAXSON, OF PENN'A.
From a photo. by Gutekunst.

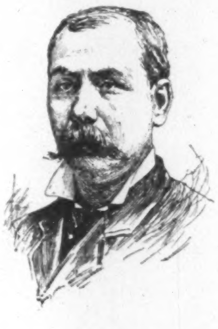
Under the imperative and clear instructions of the court the grand jury could not fail to find true bills for treason against the conspirators who organized and carried out the rebellion; and, in fact, thirty-one of the leaders were thus indicted. But the community from which this jury was drawn is largely made up of men whose allegiance to law is secondary to their class prejudice, or to the influence of demagogues. And, as if to counteract the effect of the charge of the court, and of their own findings under it, the same grand jury has returned indictments for conspiracy, for murder, and for aggravated riot against every man who took an active part in defending the property and rights of the milling corporation against the rebellion. This action seems to threaten serious difficulties in the enforcement of the laws. If the grand-jurymen fairly represent the people from whom the trial juries are drawn, it will be impossible to secure a conviction of crime even against the men who brutally beat and mutilated their own defenceless prisoners after they had surrendered their arms and persons under a pledge of safety.

The first duty of Pennsylvania is to enforce the laws.

The crimes which have been perpetrated in the name of labor must be exposed and punished. The most severe denunciation of them, and the bitterest regret for them, will then be those of the intelligent and upright laboring-men everywhere, who already recognize in rebellion, murder, and violence of every form, on the part of those pretending to represent and guide them, the greatest hinderance to their cause. The country at large will watch these trials with the feeling that civil government in one of our greatest commonwealths is itself on trial, and that the issue is of momentous importance to the whole nation.

AN ENLIGHTENED OFFICER OF POLICE.

FIFTEEN and even ten years ago, when there was any occasion in New York to bring great crowds together in the public streets, it was more often than not desirable to have hospital ambulances ready to carry off the men disabled by the clubs of the police, who in their efforts to preserve order appeared to know no other method than that of brute force. When the newspapers told of any street parade a considerable space of the report was inevitably devoted to the clubbing by policemen of citizens who forced themselves or were pushed within the lines. The lines at those times established by the police were almost literally "dead" lines. This was a scandalous condition of affairs, but at that time there seemed no remedy for it, and the chief offender was promoted instead of being dismissed in disgrace. At that time, to be sure, there were many men on the police force to whom such action seemed unnecessary, and they respected the rights of citizens to be in the streets. But the example of one or two in high office in the police had a baneful influence, which resulted in a cruel and useless resort to the club. But happily we have fallen on gentler days. When the Columbian celebrations in New York were over the other day, there had not been a single instance reported of where a police officer had used his club, but on the contrary was heard on every side praise for the patient thoroughness of the police work at a time when the great city was more crowded than ever before. It had not been necessary to use clubs at all, and the best order that had ever been seen in town was preserved. Indeed, there had never been any need for the use of clubs on such occasions. It was always an evidence of brutal folly. But, happily for the city, there is now at the head of the police in New York a man of brains and enlightenment, who knows that holiday crowds are full of amiability, and can be managed much more effectively by firm good-nature than by the brutal use of night sticks on the heads of those unfortunates who happen to be pushed over the lines. We trust that this order of Superintendent BYRNES, that clubs should not be used during the holiday time just ended, will be followed by one forbidding the use of force in all instances except in self-defence and when rescues are attempted. The policeman with his club has in the past too often been much too mighty for his own good or the good of the community. It will not hurt his efficiency in the least for him to permanently mend his manners. During these street parades he was at once more manly and more gentle than he had ever appeared before. We trust that this is a long step towards the conversion of this sometimes arrogant bully into a civil public servant whose only duty is to preserve the peace and apprehend malefactors. There are such police in the world—the constables of London are notably so—and why not in New York? There has of late been no more encouraging sign of advancing civilization than this order from Mr. BYRNES. The result, too, showed that he was right. In all such reforms he will receive the most cordial public support. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."


SUPERINTENDENT BYRNES.

OPERA AND THE OPERA-HOUSE.

IT appears that we are not to have any opera in New York without an—or the—opera-house. There is no existing theatre that can be converted to the purpose of opera so as to answer that purpose entirely or even passably. Some wild suggestions have been made for the conversion into an opera-house of the Carnegie Music Hall, but these do not deserve any more consideration than is involved in the statement that there is only one city lot, in addition to the space already occupied and utilized to the utmost for the purposes of a concert-room, on which to erect a stage. That statement will be conclusive with those who know anything of the matter, and the case is as bad or worse with reference to the "temples of Thespis" that were built without reference to the special needs of the lyric drama.

So we come back to the necessity of an opera-house in which to give opera. And the more we consider it, the more we must conclude that it is not a question of an opera-house, but of the Opera-house. The excellent citizens who built the Opera-house at their own cost, and sustained it through ten seasons of varying fortune, have not carried their public spirit so far as to propose building a new opera-house. The history of opera, if it shows anything, as indeed it does, shows that opera cannot be given on a fully commercial basis, as a matter of supply and demand, but that somebody—the government or a body of enlightened citizens, as the case may be—must come forward with a building that is not an "investment," and a subsidy that is—that is, a permanent investment. If the enlightened citizens who, under our system, must do this, if it is to be done at all, manage to reap a reward in social distinction and an approving conscience which they cannot possibly reap in the form of dollars and cents, he would be a very churlish person who would grudge them that aerial and intangible compensation. But, as we say, they have not shown any disposition to carry their martyrdom to the point of building another opera-house, as, indeed, why should they? The opera-house that has been partly burnt out, and that will require more months to restore than are to elapse before the beginning of the next operatic season, was in almost all respects a model opera-house. Its acoustics were as nearly perfect as can be asked of any opera-house, in the present condition of the applied science of acoustics. It had a maximum number of comfortable seats, of which every one commanded a fair view of the stage. It had a very complete and modern system of stage appliances, and also of safeguards against fire, and it was not the fault of its architect if both these sets of expediences were neglected. Some of the managers who occupied it preferred to use old-fashioned means of setting scenery to the approved means which were provided for them. In a not unnatural effort for economy its owners neglected to keep in order the apparatus that would have confined to the stage and extinguished there the fire which actually broke out, as, for the same reason, they neglected to carry an adequate amount of insurance. They allowed scene-painters to convert the stage into a paint shop for the advantage of other theatres as well as of the Opera-house itself. That a fire thus encouraged should have done much damage is no more an impeachment of the fire-proof quality of the building than of its skilful and effective planning.

Obviously the thing to do is to restore the Opera-house, with such improvements as experience has indicated and as are made feasible by the acquisition of space not available when the building was originally planned. Why this has not been done already is an irritating enigma to the musical public. It is intimated that it is by no means an enigma to the stockholders themselves, a majority of whom are quite willing to bear their own burdens, but not to bear also the burdens of the minority of stockholders, who insist upon their share of the privileges of the building without being willing to assume their share of the liabilities. These factious persons, it is said, rejoice in their boxes and flee from their assessments. Evidently it is time that they should be "frozen out" by their indignant associates, and give place to more public-spirited persons with a juster view of the awful responsibilities involved in an undertaking to support opera. It is to be hoped that the congelation may be effected, and that the restored Metropolitan Opera-house may be opened with unprecedented splendor for the season of 1894, since the season of 1893 unhappily seems to be out of the question.

THE COLLEGE BOY BEGINS AGAIN.

THE college boy—more acceptably designated the college man—is back once more at the institutions of learning, and the journals of contemporary life have resumed the record of his achievements. The most important news about him just now is the recurring announcement of more or less serious damage sustained by his members in football matches. That makes it anxious reading; but even anxious reading is better than none where he is concerned, and in spite of the hazards that attend him, it is distinctly a relief to the public mind to know that he is in session and attending to his duties. For his duties are important, and that not only to himself, but to the public, because, besides his private and personal business of "getting an education," which he attends to with a more or less sedulous endeavor, he is the chief authorized performer of an important public function which in this country has a good deal of difficulty in getting itself adequately performed.

The truth is that the undergraduate, taken in bulk, is the nearest thing American civilization has yet evolved to a leisure class. To be sure, his leisure is imperfect, but though he has labors which it is not expedient for him to ignore, they are not so engrossing but that he is able to discharge a duty that would devolve upon our leisure class if we had one, inculcating on his countrymen the wisdom and propriety of devoting a reasonable share of their attention to amusement and sport. The traveller in England this month who looks out of the railway carriage window gets the impression that the chief industry of the English people is to play football. It is the football season, and the population attends to it. It is also the football season here, but four-fifths of the obligations incident to it have to be met by the college boy. He can do it because he is duly aggregated, because he is willing to take the time, and because it is expected of him. And he does it with a creditable exuberance of vigor and good-will, and the public reads about him, applauds his efforts, and pays liberally on occasion to see his performance. Already he has so far educated the public taste that nobody but old fogies say that he wastes his time when he chases a leather bag around a meadow, or that he could put his limbs to any better use than to entangle them with the limbs of any opponent who happens to have that leather bag in his possession. He takes football so seriously that even his own mother is getting to look upon it as a public service that has got to be done, and to feel that even if it does put her lad on crutches or in splints it is as dulcet and as decorous as any other heroic performance that is done for one's country.

The football lesson is merely the first of the annual series that the college boy teaches us. About Christmas-time he will spread himself up and down in the land, travelling even into that remote region drained by the Mississippi River, and all to teach his countrymen that glee clubs are a good thing, and, properly managed, may diversify the monotony of existence in an acceptable measure. A month or two later he will turn up here in New York in the form of a theatrical troupe, the lesson of which will be that there is a good deal of fun to be had out of amateur acting if one goes about it the right way and will take the time and trouble. Then, as the spring matures, how that willing lad exerts himself to demonstrate that life without baseball isn't quite complete, and that you haven't got the full flavor of mundane existence until you have browned your back and blistered your palms at one end of a sweep!

It is a very great work that the college boy is doing for this dollar-chasing land; and what helps to make it a permanent work is that, like all the great pedagogues, he learns thoroughly himself the lesson that he teaches. He remembers it after he has got out of college and melted into the general population, and when his successor comes around to continue the work that he is doing now he will take his seat among the learners on the benches and lead the applause. So it may be that we may be able to worry along without any real leisure class at all, and still suffer no detriment, thanks to the college boy and his devotion to our good. It would be better that way on some accounts—on this account for one, that it is so much pleasanter and easier to learn the lessons of youth from the young.

DEDICATION CEREMONIES
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

HARPER'S WEEKLY
SOUVENIR NUMBER

PUBLISHED OCTOBER 26TH,
PRICE 10 CENTS

THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO *now know just what the New York Columbian Celebration was like. They can see it reproduced on the pages of this number of the* WEEKLY,

AND

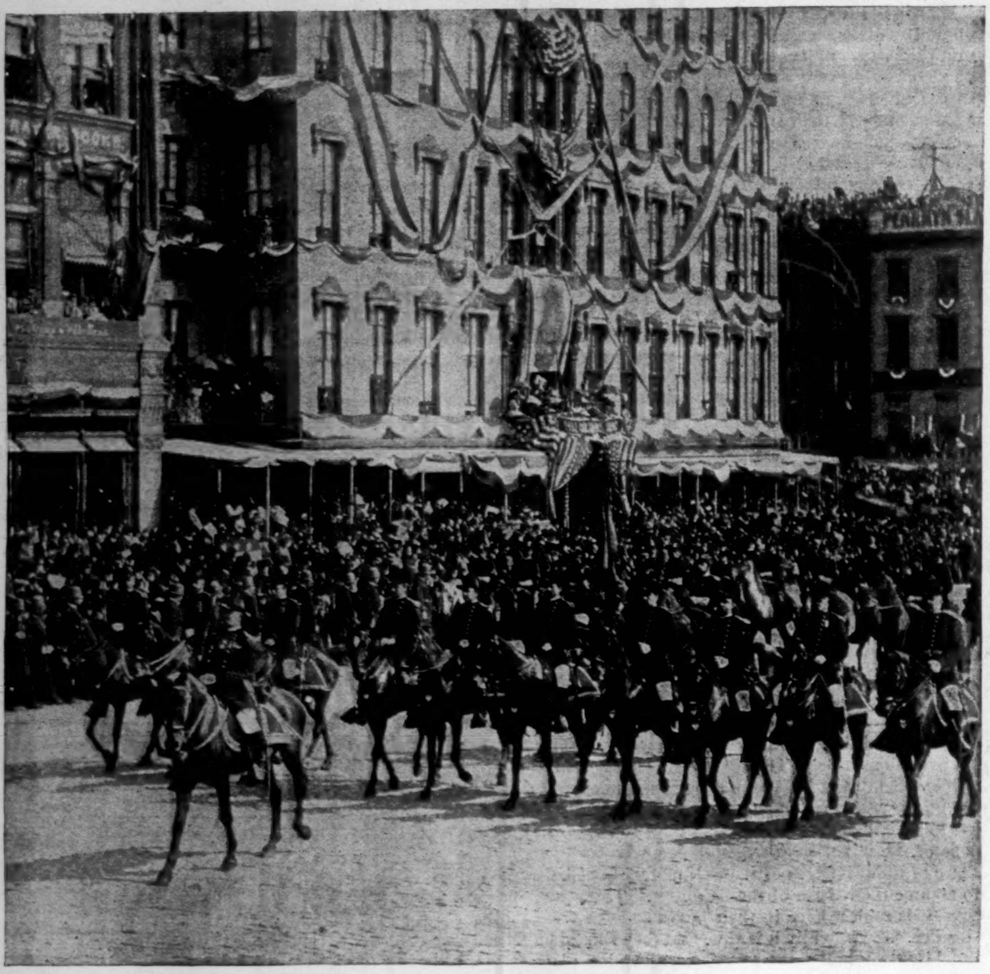
THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK *can know just what the Columbian World's Fair Dedication was like by buying the*

NEXT NUMBER OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

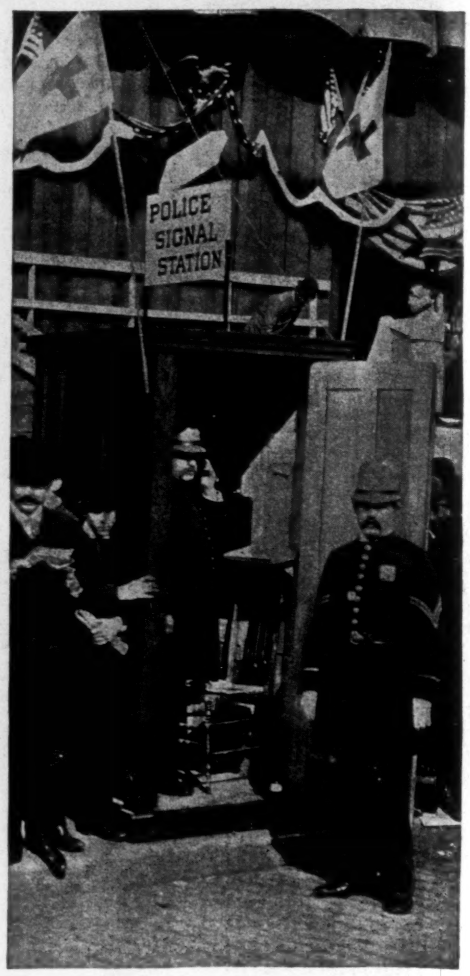
THIS WILL BE A SUPERB NUMBER, *with a special cover, and especially excellent illustrations. That, however, is nothing new, for all the illustrations of each number of the* WEEKLY *are exceptionally fine. But these illustrations will deal almost exclusively with the scenes and parades and out-of-door gatherings at the dedication. They will make, bound in a cover of beautiful design and colors, a souvenir of the dedication which every one will enjoy, whether he is a proud citizen of Chicago or a humble native of a less favored city.*

If you wish to get an idea of our next Number, you have only to turn over the pages of this paper, and what you see well done in connection with the New York Celebration you may count upon seeing as well done in the paper next week, when we treat the dedication ceremonies in Chicago. The best artists and a corps of photographers and a staff of writers have made this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *what might be called the official souvenir of the celebration. It is not necessary to point out its completeness—the number tells its own story.*

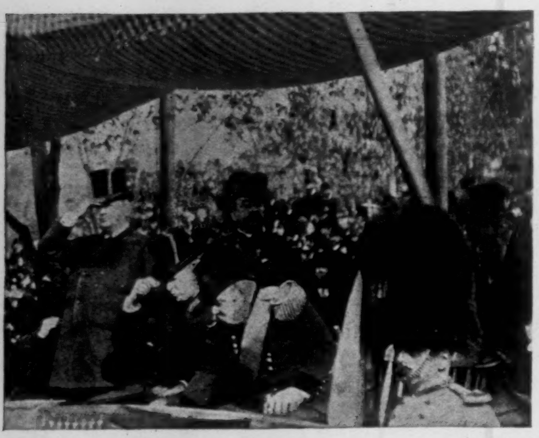
The next issue, dated October 29th, will be as good, or better, if possible. That possibility does not depend on us, but on the Chicago Celebration. What you want to do in the mean time is to order the paper in advance and have copies mailed to your friends.



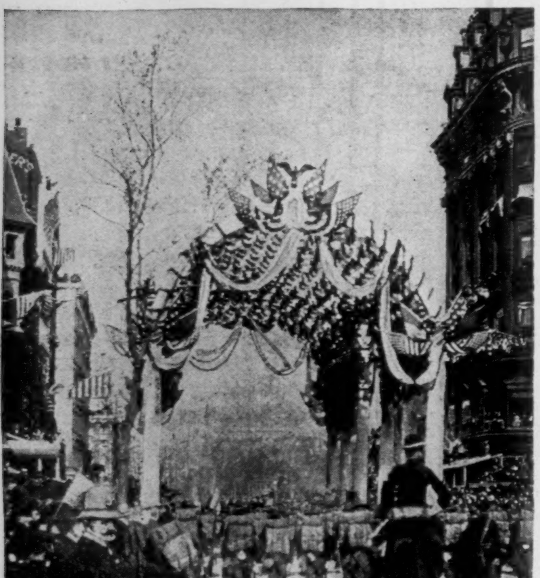
BRIGADIER-GENERAL LOUIS FITZGERALD AND STAFF—FIRST BRIGADE, N. G. S. N. Y.



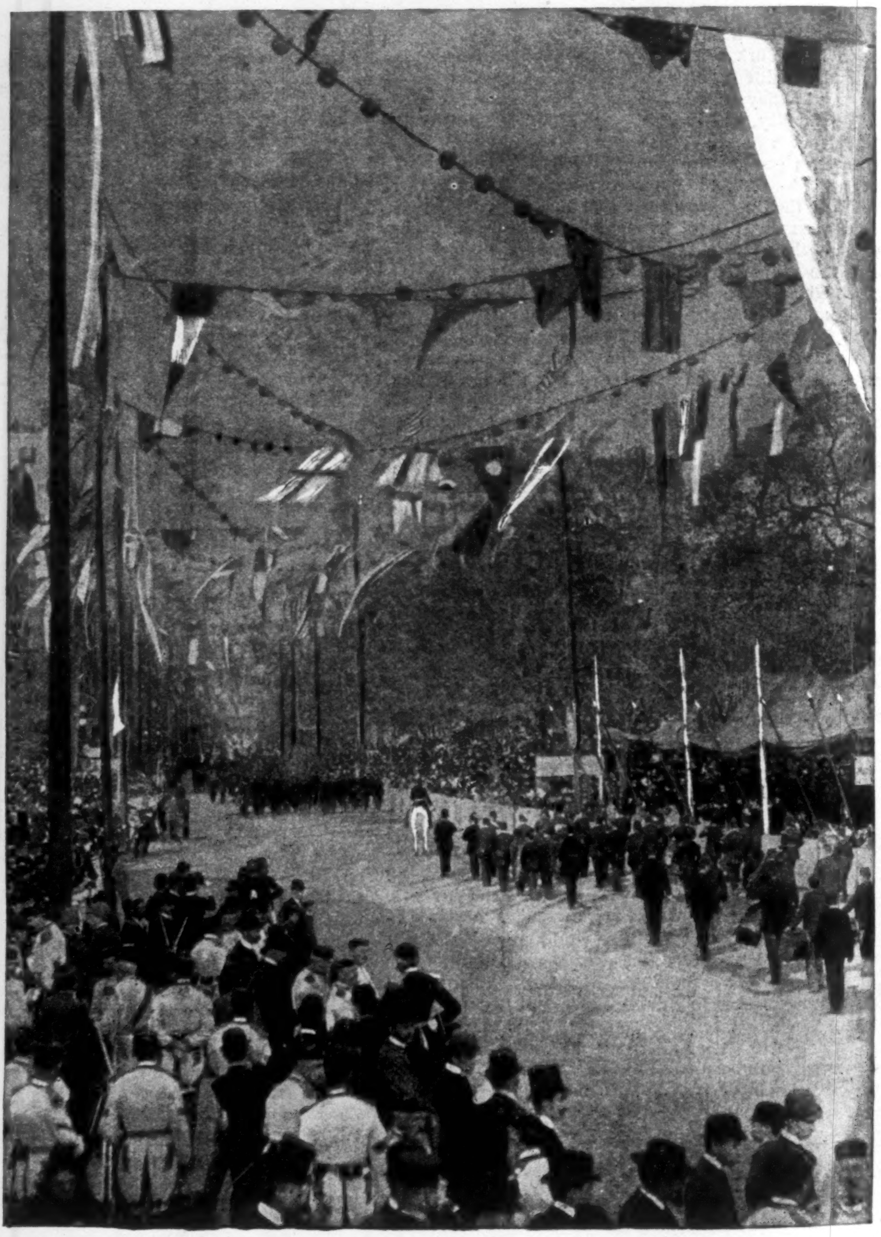
TEMPORARY POLICE SIGNAL-STATION.



VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON, GOVERNOR FLOWER, AND GENERAL SCHOFIELD ON THE REVIEWING STAND.

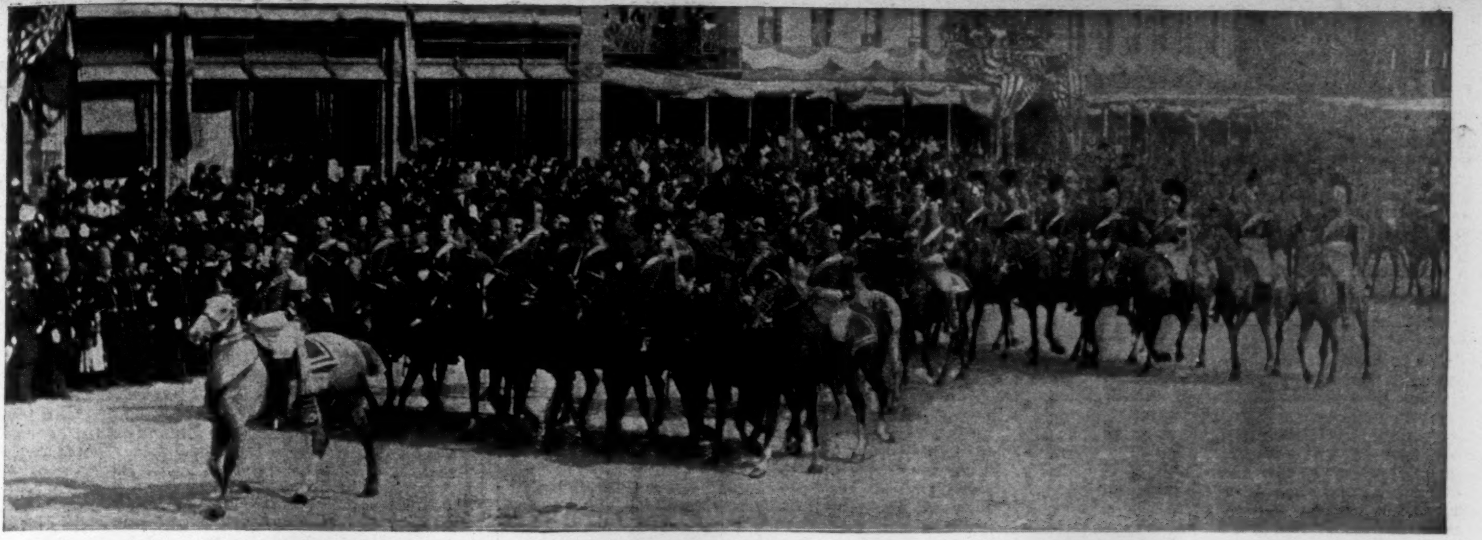


ARCH, TWENTY-SECOND STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

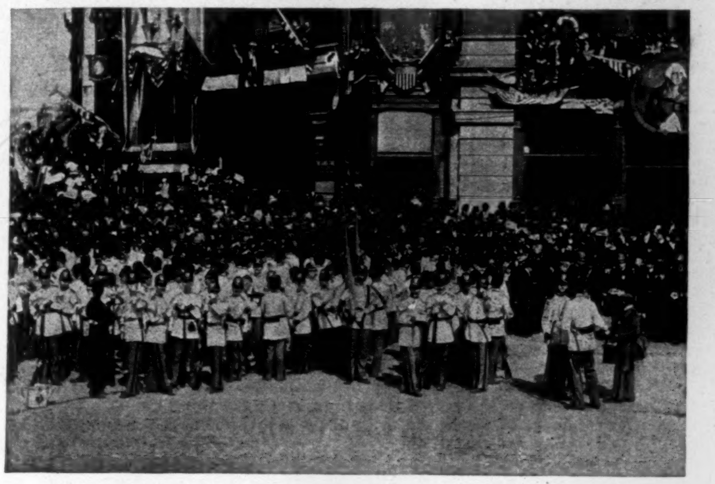


LOOKING UP FIFTH AVENUE FROM FRONT OF REVIEWING STAND.

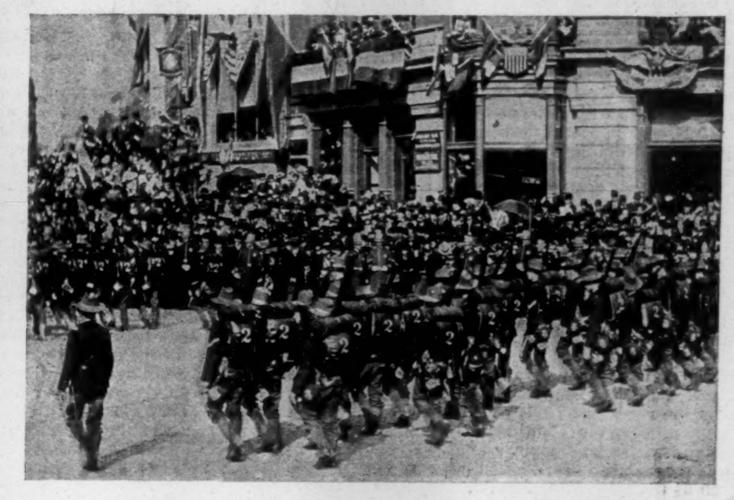
THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION—SCENES ALONG THE LINE OF MARCH.—From Photographs by Hemment.



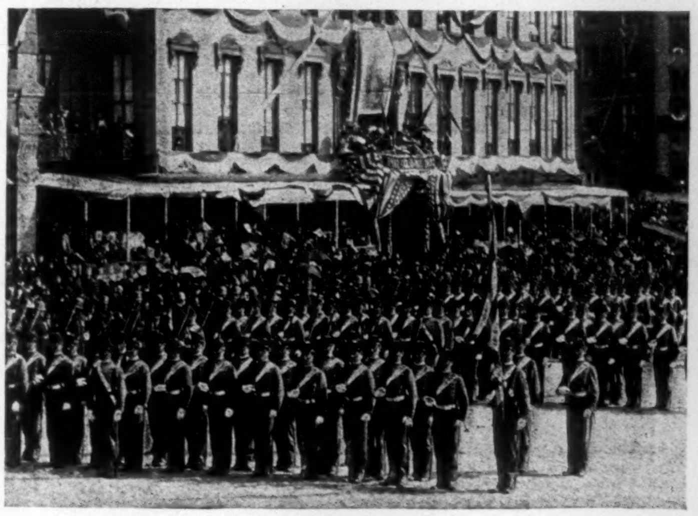
CITY TROOP, PHILADELPHIA.



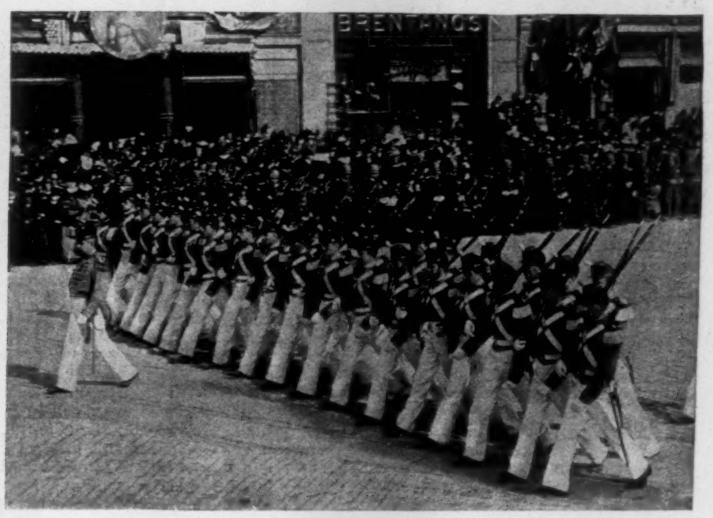
TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, NEW YORK.



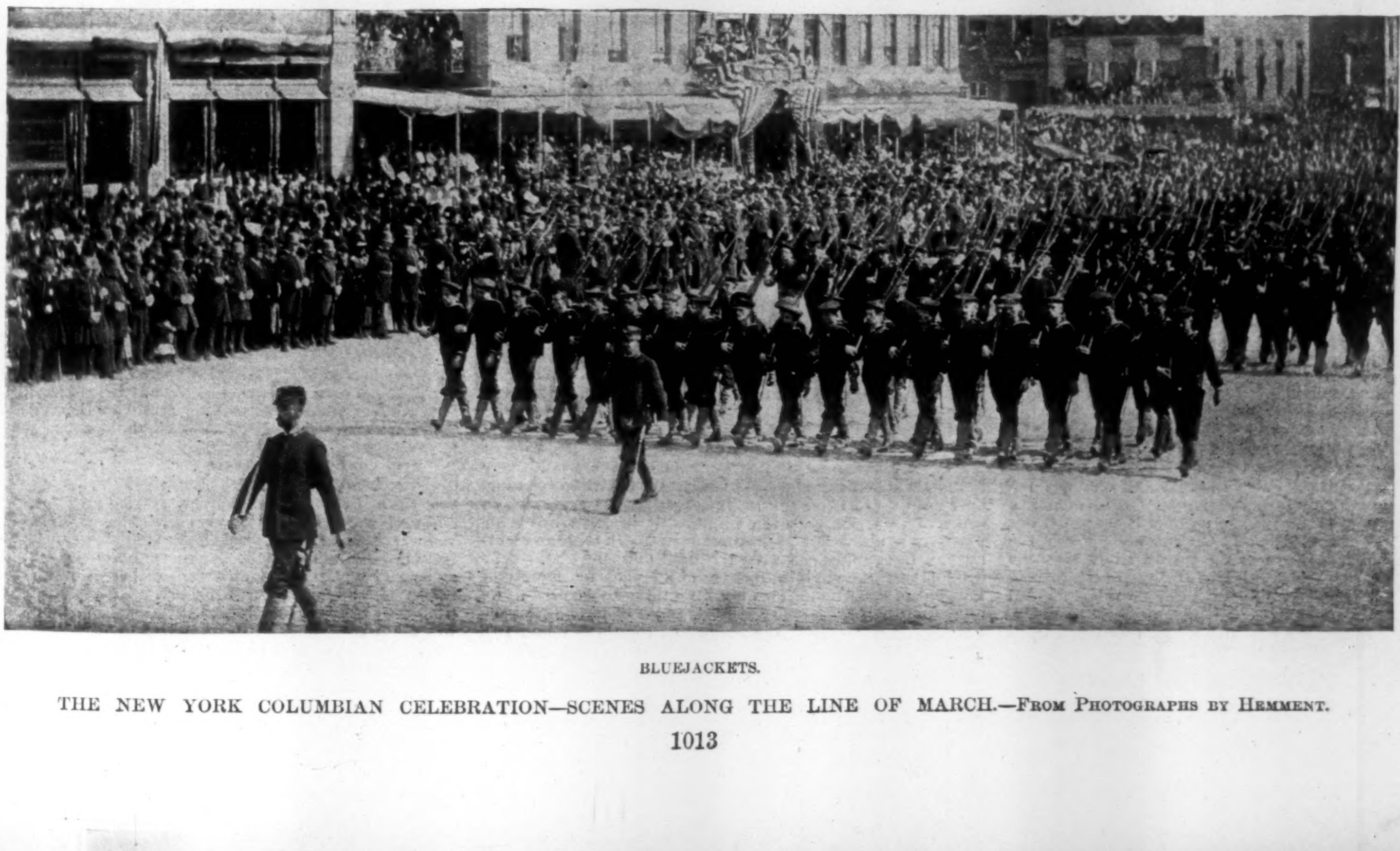
SECOND REGIMENT, PHILADELPHIA.



WEST POINT CADETS.



SEVENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK.



BLUEJACKETS.

THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION—SCENES ALONG THE LINE OF MARCH.—From Photographs by Hemment.

COLUMBUS.

VICEROY they made him, Admiral and Don;
  Wishing, good King and Queen, to honor him
  Whose deeds should make all like distinctions dim.
Columbus! Other title needs he none;
  And they—in wisdom, more than kingship, blest—
  Go down to future days, remembered best
For service rendered to that lowly one.

Columbus! With proud love, yet reverently,
  Pronounce that name—the name of one who heard
  A word of life, and answering that word,
Braved death, unfearing, on the shadowy sea;
  Who, seeking land not known to any chart—
  That land by faith deep graven on his heart—
Found justice, truth, and human liberty!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.

THAT New York is not an American city is a charge that has often been made—most often by the small native portion of its own citizens—and very seldom sought to be refuted.

That it is a Columbian city is the chief fact of the many that have been adduced by the doings of the three Columbian days of October 10th, 11th, and 12th.

This is no mere play upon words. The Columbian quadricentennial celebration provoked a "popular demonstration" such as never was evidenced on any merely "American" occasion. The centennial celebration of Evacuation day, a purely municipal fête, as the event it commemorated took place more than two years after the national redemption at Yorktown, and the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the beginning of New York's brief career as a national capital, the Washington centennial of 1889, were, as gala occasions, very poor affairs compared with the distinctively popular uprising of the three Columbian days.

One has not far to look for the reason. New York is not American in the sense in which the rest of the country is. It may have had local patriotic traditions once, but they were long since lost in the flood of foreign sentiment that has poured into the life of the city. The names of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, mean nothing to the great majority of foreign-born or foreign-parented New-Yorkers. The name of Columbus, remote and mythical as Columbus is, means to that majority liberation from conditions approaching, in the case of the Irish, German, Italian, Bohemian, Hungarian, and Russian population of New York, slavery, and destitute, not well fed and housed slavery, at that. Columbus's discovery meant a place to make a living to these people—the majority of us. They had all heard his name before they came here.

We who are, what is left of us, Americans, may like it or not, as we please, but the Columbian celebration was the most un-American ever seen on this continent. It evinced through the outpouring of that Continental Columbian spirit a degree of enthusiasm for the memory of that Genoese adventurer who blundered into the West Indies while hunting for Japan, such as the memories of the men who made the country, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, never produced and never will.

The few who reverence the statue on the Sub-Treasury steps, the thirteen trees on Washington Heights, the tomb at Riverside, may make up their minds to have less and less to say about the history that is making or that has been made. They will find themselves a small and not very popular "cult" in the course of a very few generations. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that in 1992 the fame of Columbus to the people of the city of New York—who may or may not be at that time people of the United States of America—will be a fame that quite overshadows the fame of the men who signed the Declaration and framed the Constitution.

In proof of this perhaps unpalatable prophecy may be instanced the fact that never in the history of celebrations in this country has there been one before that grew out of the hands of its original contrivers as this one did. Preparations, it will be remembered, were begun for the celebration of the constitutional and inaugural centennial anniversaries, in Philadelphia in the one case and here in the other, two years before the arrival of each centennial date. Commissioners appointed from all the States solemnly convened and debated as to how the thing should be done, and went home convinced of the responsibility of pledging their separate commonwealths to a part in the high enterprise of arranging the two or three days of popular enjoyment.

In the case of the Columbian celebration, it will be remembered that a few foreign-born gentlemen met at a dinner party in the city just a year ago, and agreed to send a professional costumer to Spain in order to arrange an allegorical pageant in commemoration of the discovery. Contemporaneously, the editor of an Italian newspaper opened a subscription-list for a monument. When the success of the subscription was assured the promoters of the plan asked the Park Commission for the best site in the city whereon to place their monument. The Commission demurred. The Grand Circle of Central Park was not only the finest site in the city, but of the New World, and ultimately would be of both worlds. They thought that in a few years the place would be wanted for a monument to the soldiers and sailors of New York who perished in the Rebellion. But as the Park Commission deliberated and inquired, they found that in the city of New York less and less "stock" was "taken" yearly in the soldiers and sailors of the Rebellion; that New York concerned itself about as much with them as it might have done with the gazette of casualties among Xenophon's ten thousand Greek mercenaries, and not one-hundredth as much as it had with the volunteers who went out with Worth to enlarge slave territory by the accession of thousands of Mexican square miles in the cause of manifest destiny. So the Park Commission gave the site to Columbus, and there he stands to-day as the discoverer of a world which he was sure never existed; for he always bore to the south in his search for terra firma, and left this continent to such dreamers as old Ponce de Leon, who only sought it in order to cure his rheumatism.

Out of these little germs the Columbian celebration grew into such a thing as was never before seen. The crowd on the first day, that of the school-children's and students' parade, was such as once was called big—a crowd of half a million or so of people—about the number that turned out to watch the funeral of Grant. On the second day the throng on the eastern bank of the North River was the population of Chicago or Philadelphia or one of the middle class of South American republics. Yet New York seemed to be going on much as usual. There were plenty of people on the business streets, and the single race-track open was about as well patronized as usual.

On the third day it is probable that an inspection of the tenement and flat houses of the city—and only an inappreciable percentage live in dwelling-houses—would have revealed a population of sick, aged, and infirm. New York was positively in the streets from ten o'clock on Wednesday morning till two on Thursday, when the belated "night pageant" reached Central Park. During any hour of that day, except the brief interval for an evening meal, 2,000,000 people could probably have been counted in the streets. No estimate of Broadway and Fifth Avenue goes below 1,500,000, and the other half-million was easily made up on the side streets and swarming roofs.

And they were 2,000,000 sober, well-dressed people!

This is the crown; this is the flower; this is the high unalterable evidence of the glory of our time, our place, our civilization. We go out 2,000,000 strong, and there are no drunkards, no beggars, and an inappreciable percentage of thieves among us.

One-thirtieth of the population of this land, blessed beyond all thoughts and dreams of the seers and prophets of all earlier lands, were there. And as here, at the gates of the continent, the extremes of its wealth and its poverty can be seen, what shall be said of the even prosperity of most of those who constitute the other twenty-nine-thirtieths?

What a Columbian show is this! What an example of what the peoples of the earth, unhampered of old laws and customs, may make of a virgin continent!

Those who always leave out of account, through sheer ignorance of the subject, the poetic faculty in the strata below what Lincoln called the "plain people," are and have been at work striving to measure the dimensions of this manifestation by such petty yardsticks as "the weather," "the growth of the holiday feeling" among the people, and the like.

They wrong Columbus. Had they been where those strata are found, in the sections where thousands live who do not know the names of the President of the United States and the Governor of the State of New York, and seen the blossoming out of tenement front and shop window and bar in varicolored muslin—bunting is expensive—the pictures, the gladness, the gala aspect of things, they would have known that it was Columbus who was honored, and honored consciously as the man who opened to these people the comparative paradise of America.

When those vast crowds were assembled in the streets the most notable thing about them was their self-government. For the first time since the organization of the metropolitan police force thirty-five years ago, the weapon which too often and too truly has been said to rule New York, the policeman's club, was not present on a great popular occasion. Superintendent Byrnes had ordered—and his order showed in him more of the model police officer than any of his most brilliant thief-takings have done—that for the three days of festival no policeman should draw a club "except in self-defence." That not a club was, under these instructions, drawn was a wonderful evidence of the self-government of the crowds and the self-control of the police. The thickest crowd, that between Madison Square and Nineteenth Street on Fifth Avenue on the day of the military parade, was cleared by a stratagem of Inspector McAvoy's which showed a knowledge of human nature. While the mob would not or rather could not get out of the way for policemen who were going nowhere except to disperse the crowd, the inspector realized that it would clear for some official object that apparently had an official errand. So he ordered a patrol-wagon to seek a passage. The crowd, obeying the instinctive yielding to urgency of business, parted fluidly, and the squad of police which was wedged in after the wagon held the ground thus gained, and shortly cleared the street.

The obedience of the populace to instituted things was another great feature of this vast popular manifestation. At Park Place and Broadway, while the military procession passed, the crowd upon the crossing was ten deep. Every half-hour at least a mail-wagon or a string of mail-wagons coming from the ferries would approach. The sight of the ugly oblong evidences of the might of the Federal government was sufficient. In every case the crowd managed to make a way through itself for the mails, and then closed up again, to reopen at the appearance of the next wagon.

In some foreign cities a riot might have been the result of the uncalled-for and unexplained delay of the "night pageant." The managers of this affair had fed the public for weeks with daily announcements that it would be the "greatest sight ever seen in America." This was rash, for the Latin cities of the country, St. Louis and New Orleans, have been doing this kind of thing for a great many years, and it was highly improbable that Manhattan could equal, much less surpass them. So, when people who had waited at Madison Square until twenty minutes of midnight, and then were rewarded by the sight of a platoon of mounted police, and a seemingly interminable string of bicycles, it would not have been remarkable if some decided demonstration of popular disapproval had been made. But no. The crowd was out for the night, and bent on having a good time somehow, even if there were no night pageant. Its vast mind was keyed for fun.

"Fellow-citizens," said a wag, mounting a barrel in front of the Postal Telegraph office, "I desire to take advantage of this brief delay to say a few words to you upon the subject of the tariff."

The roar of laughter which greeted the sally showed a true appreciation of humor in the crowd. It was laughing at itself, and its own serious attention to the issues which the political parties laid before it on all days but the Columbian days.

There was another wag down at the Post-Office, who put the thousand or so of people around him in high good-humor by announcing from another barrel-head:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I desire to say on behalf of the committee that this show is off. Columbus didn't land today. He meant to land, but he's detained in quarantine."

So it went—all good-nature from the Battery to Central Park in that long night wait, though hundreds were dropping from sheer fatigue, and the ambulances from this cause were as busy as they might have been at the edge of a battle.

Of great celebrities there were few. Ex-President Cleveland was on hand, but the lamented illness of the wife of the Chief Magistrate robbed the festa of what would have been its chief official glory, the conjoint presence in complete amity of the two candidates of the great parties, each with an army of some six or seven millions of heated adult male partisans at his back, and the presence of both more an assurance of the enthusiastically successful outcome of the celebration than the slightest menace of a breach not merely of law, but of decorum. This is a little thing to us, used as we are to law and order and the observance of public proprieties; but where else in the history of republics could two candidates for such an office as the Presidency have shown themselves in public on the eve of an election as Messrs. Harrison and Cleveland were to have done without exciting their supporters into some ill-timed demonstration?

Four well-known Governors, Pattison of Pennsylvania, Russell of Massachusetts, Bulkeley of Connecticut, and Abbett of New Jersey, were the most notable participants in the greatest of the parades, and despite the fact that the committees of misinformation, composed of individuals who are fond of speaking their groundless conjectures in form of facts, were busy, as they always are on such occasions, were duly recognized in a way that must have played the mischief with the gubernatorial hat-rims.

Governors Pattison and Russell got most of the cheers, the one for his manly, the other for his boyish aspect. Bulkeley rode from the Connecticut line to that of New Jersey while the military parade was forming in lower Broadway, and the hands of himself and Governor Abbett met in a hearty grasp. There seemed to be the sincerity in it of the meeting of two thorough-going partisans who are glad to find a ground upon which they can lay down their arms and indulge in the amenities for which the bitterness of political strife gives few opportunities. The action was loudly cheered by those of the crowd who saw it.

Never before has the city been properly decked for a fête. The decorations, with the exception of an arch or two, have been invariably left to individual taste. Hereafter, doubtless, the city, or the committees in charge of celebrations, will make the embellishment of parade routes as much a part of the business of preparing fêtes as the marshalling of the parades themselves. This for the reason that the experiment made with Fifth Avenue and Madison Square was more than a success. It was a triumph. The plan of hanging globular colored lanterns on the trees of Madison Square, so that on the night of the allegorical parade the square looked like a grove of illuminated oranges, was, perhaps, the brightest of the decorators' inspirations. But Mr. Stanford White's notion of hanging Fifth Avenue with particolored streamers from ropes attached to the tall brown masts which were a puzzle along the avenue for a week before the festival, showed how a little bright bunting can make a path of glory out of the most commonplace of thoroughfares. Mr. White should have a municipal Commissionership of Public Beauty created for him, with plenary powers as to the abolition of all the advertising devices—especially oil-cloth signs—which at present threaten to extinguish whatever of appreciation there is in the breast of the young New-Yorker.

What a wonderfully well drilled young chap that young New-Yorker was, by-the-way, as he came down the avenue Monday morning 20,000 strong! Most people had looked forward to the school and college parade as a thing to be seen merely "to encourage" the vital cause of popular education. But the precision of the march, the gravity and earnestness with which the youngsters minded the guide and dressed their lines, made the thing one of pleasure for that vast majority of people who love to see what they call good marching.

Apropos of that subject, perhaps the highest compliment the Seventh Regiment ever received was when the Spanish and Italian officers rose as one man, but without concert, and took off their hats to the faultless front of New York's pet organization as it approached the reviewing-stand, where Vice-President Morton and Governor Flower, by-the-way, comfortably munched sandwiches through a portion of the parade.

Next spring, when Great Britain sends her *Blake* to the naval parade which will precede the opening of the Chicago exposition, and Uncle Sam has his great cruiser *New York* on view, and other nations doubtless rise to the necessity of putting their best maritime foot forward, a mightier aquatic procession will pass up the waters of the Hudson than that of the second of the three days of festa. The *Philadelphia*, an armored cruiser with an eight-inch battery, was the most formidable war-ship in that column. But it is doubtful if the scene presented when all the vessels in the harbor—and a very rum lot of tubs many of them were—filled the majestic river from swarming bank to swarming bank, will be exceeded in the grandeur of its popular significance by any array of fighting craft, be their number as large or their metal as heavy as those which splendidly honored the Jubilee of the Queen at Spithead.

On the whole, the interest in the commemoration of the discovery of the hemisphere has been marvellously and unexpectedly popular. It augurs well for the success of next year's exposition, and provokes a conjecture as to whether the historian of the time, in seeking to find a reason for such enthusiasm over so remote a personage and event, will not solemnly conclude that Columbus was not only navigator, but law-giver, the founder of a government as well as the discoverer of an abode for us.

A. E. WATROUS.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

WHEN the sun rose on Monday morning and it was seen that the day was fair, there was rejoicing in a great majority of the homes in New York. When the schools opened in September after the summer vacation, preparations were at once made to get the children in condition to participate in the great Columbus parade. There had been many drills at all of the schools that were to take part in this grand march down Fifth Avenue from the Columbian Arch, made by young Mr. Herts—himself a boy, a product of the public schools, and a student at Columbia—to the noble Washington Arch, made by Mr. Stanford White, at the bottom of the street.

As is always the case with a parade in New York, it was started by a line of mounted policemen to clear the way. Then came the Grand Marshal and his staff, also mounted. Following these was Mayor Hugh Grant on foot and alone. He was very recently a New York boy himself, and had not forgotten in high place how to be amiable and democratic. He was cheered along the whole line as the Mayor of New York in his own town should always be. Then came the Seventh Regiment band, making music for the first division. Then followed twenty regiments, ten thousand strong, of the boys of the public schools.

Following the twenty New York regiments of boys was a division from Long Island City, with the burly Mayor of that town in advance. Each boy carried an American flag, and each ward company a special banner. Following these was a company from Jersey City. And now came a division from the Catholic schools. These were nearly all uniformed, and many of the companies were drilled in military evolutions. A body in blue uniforms and white helmets from St. John's College, Fordham, led the division, and following was a company of little zouaves from St. Francis Xavier's. There was also in this division a small company of very small negroes in military dress with miniature muskets. They were grave beyond their years, but not a whit less skilful in their marching than their white fellows. And so on and on the division moved until some seven thousand five hundred of these had passed. The division of private schools was headed by a drum corps of youngsters varying in age from four to ten years. It is needless to say that along the whole line this corps was cheered. The drum-major was in himself a great feature of the parade, his dignity, his agility, and correctness of form in handling his bâton exciting much admiration and very hearty applause.

Nothing in the parade, however, was more interesting than the Indian boys and girls from the Carlisle school in Pennsylvania. If these go back to their kindred with the knowledge acquired at school, and also tell them of the miles of houses they passed, and of the hundreds of thousands of people who greeted them in the metropolis with friendly cheers, they may do much towards leavening the savage loaf, and bringing it out of the oven in the form of civilized bread. Following the Indians, who were greeted with war-whoops by the street gamins, came a body of Turner cadets and school-children. Here were also boys and girls, and the marching of the latter made many regret that the girls of the public schools had not also been asked to join in the march.

The college division was headed by six hundred from the College of the City of New York, then came the University of the City of New York, and then Columbia College. Each college used its peculiar shout on every possible occasion, and in many instances these were answered from the stands. The College of Physicians and Surgeons turned out in wonderful shape, and the hats of the students were decorated with miniature skeletons, while many carried gruesome-looking human bones in their hands. To relieve this rather dismal company came the young men of the Art Students' League. There was no suggestion of the unlovely now. Instead of bones and skulls, each student carried a palette, and each bore himself with an air that seemed to intimate that from those palettes in a little while would come visions of wonderful loveliness.

For those walking in this parade there were five points of great interest. First the starting-point, of which we have heard, and then the school-girls banked like flowers on a stand in front of the reservoir at Forty-second Street. Here the bands stopped playing, for the clear fresh voices of the girls made better music, and sang first one and then another of our national songs. The third point of interest was the reviewing-stand, where the Vice-President of the United States and three or four Governors watched the parade. Each officer saluted with punctilious exactness, and each salute was returned from the high dignitaries of state. The little drum-major before alluded to here flung his bâton high in air, and caught it in time to the beating of his drums. Here, too, the college boys went through pranks and evolutions, and announced among other things that they were the people. The next important point was at Union Square, around three sides of which they marched. Here, too, they were greeted with songs from the girls; but on the further side, on a stand about the Lafayette statue, were seated several thousand girls dressed in the colors of the American flag, and so placed that they represented the flag—stripes, blue field, and stars. The marching boys must have seen this lovely spectacle out of the corners of their eyes, for even now all eyes appeared to be straight to the front, and all minds bent on marching as soldiers should. Then came Washington Square and disbandment. Now was the children's parade over. But it will live in history, and in the annals of New York be one of the brightest pages.

THE PARADE OF THE NAVY.

The people who went down the bay Tuesday morning to see the start of the great naval parade never smelled more holiday powder in their lives. When a man-of-war passes a fort on any ordinary business there is a booming that is almost deafening to ordinary and peaceful folk. But the other day on two occasions there were two forts firing at once, and near a dozen war-ships responding to the salutes. At one time the fleet was almost hidden by the smoke from the guns, and this was particularly so with the large and stately French *Aréthuse*. The parade proper consisted of the moving of the war-ships and government vessels from Gravesend Bay just outside the Narrows up the inner bay, then into the Hudson up to 126th Street. But the actual parade consisted of that which was official together with the thousands of boats, gayly dressed in bunting and flying countless flags, loaded with people who were intent on seeing all that was possible. These boats, it was intended, should fall into line behind the battle-ships, and form a kind of escort to the men-of-war. But they did not do so. Instead they hovered about the ironclads and moved up the river alongside of them. And it was very well that they did so, for the people on the boats got a better view of the other ships and boats, and the spectators on the shore saw all that was to be seen in a very much shorter time than they otherwise would have done. That so many craft of so many different kinds and rates of speed could move up the Hudson River in a bunch, and all stop and turn around at the same time, shows what a noble stream that is which is sometimes called by New-Yorkers the North River, perhaps because it is on the west of the town. The moving of these many steamboats churned up the waters of the bay and river until it seemed unsafe for an open row-boat to put out from the shore. But, safe or unsafe, there were a great many row-boats out in the stream, and while the passengers were kept busy bailing them out, the oarsmen were busier still in keeping from being run down.

There were two great spectacles that day. To those ashore the boats in the water were the things of interest, and to those in the boats it was the people ashore who attracted more attention and excited more wonderment than the boats themselves. Down the bay the shores of Staten Island on one side and Long Island on the other were crowded with people, the slopes about Fort Hamilton being actually black with men and women, who had gone from Brooklyn, perhaps, to see the beginning of the naval pageant. Coming further up, Bedlow's Island on one side of the channel and Governor's Island on the other were each filled, and further on was the Battery. How far back from the sea-wall the solid mass of men and women extended it is hard to say, but to those in the boats this mass seemed to extend all across the park to the Bowling Green. The writer heard guesses as to the number of people in this park, and the guesses were all the way from five to fifty thousand. There were probably about ten thousand at this most southern point of Manhattan Island. The docks begin just north of the Battery, and these were swarming with people, and in many instances temporary grand stands had been erected on barges fastened to the docks. This continued for several miles and up to the beginning of the Riverside Drive. On the tops of all the houses on the river-front and the taller ones back from the front were other crowds. Indeed, every place that had a view of the river was seized upon and occupied.

The park of the Riverside Drive was a particularly good place from which to see, as the slope of the ground from the water up to the drive made a natural grand stand, where those behind could easily see over the heads of those in front. These slopes began to fill up at eight o'clock in the morning, and those who went thither took their lunches and made a picnic of the day. It was three o'clock before any of them could tear themselves away. On the New Jersey shore and the docks the crowds were almost as large. There were many more than fifty thousand persons on the various boats, and when the crowd on any of these pressed towards one side, the boat careened until it looked dangerous. As these crowded boats went up the stream it was more usually the case than not that the wheels towards the shore would be lifted almost out of the water, while the others would be sunk so deep that the water, as the wheels revolved, would be lifted all over the wheel-house.

It was on the programme that the battle-ships should move at half past twelve o'clock. Previous to this the Naval Reserve — the naval militia of the State of New York — on twenty steam-tugs, cleared the river so that the procession would have ample room. These tugs took the place of the platoon of mounted police in the street parades. The young gentlemen of the Reserve looked gallant tars as they stood in graceful attitudes about the decks and the pilot-house tops of the powerful little steamers. In clearing the way the tugs were assisted by the torpedo-boat *Cushing*, on which was the Grand Marshal of the day. This fleet little boat, painted lead-color, and shaped like a cigar, moved about with most astonishing speed and ease. She excited more wonder and surprise than any of the great boats. At the exact time appointed the *Cushing* gave the signal to start, and this was flashed back to the other boats from the Admiral's flag-ship *Philadelphia*. In one minute more the *Philadelphia* was in motion. This was the signal for the saluting-guns, and from Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton were fired twenty-one guns each, the national salute. Then was this returned from the ships, the *Philadelphia* leading, and the others following as quickly as possible. Above all the great noise of great cannon could be heard and distinguished the dynamite guns from the *Vesuvius*. These guns on the fore-deck are fired by compressed air, and they made an indescribable rattle that put everything in the neighborhood in vibration. From them seemed to come a flash of fire and a short puff of smoke, but this may have been only in the imagination of the spectator.

When the men-of-war had straightened out in the parade, this was seen to be the order: First came the *Philadelphia*, with the handsome *Dolphin* in her wake, and the French gunboat *Hussard* behind. Then steamed with stately slowness the French man-of-war *Aréthuse*. On her port beam, as escort, was the harbor-defence monitor *Miantonomoh*, and behind came the graceful *Atlanta*. Behind the *Atlanta* was the *Vesuvius*, leading the way for the Italian cruiser *Giovanni Bausan*, which was escorted by the coast-survey ship *Blake*. Next came the Spanish *Isabel*, escorted by the revenue-cutter *Grant* and the light-house steamer *America*. And so the line was kept till the end at 126th Street. At Bedlow's Island the national salute was fired, and as soon as it was finished the greeting was taken up by the artillerymen in Castle William. Then the men-of-war responded to both salutes at once. At the end the steamer *Howard Carroll*, with Vice-President Morton, Governor Flower, and other high officers on board, passed down the line, and again the salute was fired.

THE MILITARY PARADE.

Shortly after half past eleven, before the spectators at the Worth Monument had tired of the white, gold, and blue uniforms of the Old Guard, a sound of applause was heard coming from beyond in the crowd. The noise increased. There were clapping of hands and cheering. Handkerchiefs and flags were waved; men took off their hats and held them aloft. "It's Cleveland," was the general shout. Then came an escort of police, and with them, his high hat towering above the helmets, was the ex-President. As soon as he was seen by every one an enthusiastic greeting was accorded him. The people howled, and some enthusiasts danced about like the lively Mr. Perkins, calling out, "He's bowing," "He's shaking hands with Mr. Morton," "He's taken his seat," and at all these displays the crowd applauded.

Then came the vanguard. The mounted police, upon magnificent horses, led the way, and, as usual, were received with applause. They were a fine body of men, and deserved all credit. After them followed the Marshal, General Martin T. McMahon, accompanied by several army officers, and followed by his aides. These were all very gorgeous and satisfying to the eye. The reviewing officers had taken their positions at the front of the stand, and smiled and bowed as though they were glad the procession had begun—as indeed everybody was, for it was a few minutes after noon. The West Point cadets, next in order, appealed to every one. The gray and white uniform seemed particularly handsome, the marching easy and regular, and each cadet, with head erect and chest brought forward, was a sight to smile upon. It was plain that they regarded it as a matter of business, and the people enjoyed it. Then came the men of the regular army.

The artillery made a capital showing; but the marines were better liked, because they marched better than any body that had preceded them. The sailors from the war-ships, however, capped the climax of popular approval, as they seemed a superior class of men in every way. Their uniform was businesslike and yet picturesque. The faces were determined and strong. Their step was good, and the general feeling was made manifest by the remark, "These men are Americans." They looked really formidable and like hard fighters, and were more admired and generally liked than any other body of men in the parade.

After the various branches of the regular service marched the men who are soldiers and sailors only upon occasions such as holidays and riots. The recent work of the different State guards at Homestead, Buffalo, and Fire Island added interest to their appearance. The men had proved themselves worthy, and were more of the genuine soldier than the men "who only had to fight Indians," as some one expressed it. First came the Signal Corps, composed of intelligent-looking men, and after them followed the Sixty-ninth, Eighth, Ninth, Twenty-second, Twelfth, Seventh, and Seventy-first regiments. All were dear to the heart of the people, for each regiment contained somebody's friend, and that somebody always cried out "Hello, Billy," or "Hi, Tom," just to show everybody else that he had a part in the parade. The Seventh Regiment was the favorite, of course—it always is; for the Seventh is known the length and breadth of this mighty land, and all visitors to the city wanted to prove that they were aware of the right thing. The Twenty-second were also vociferously received, their white coats being exceedingly becoming. But when the band of the Twenty-second drew near, playing an old familiar march, many a sigh was given and many a whisper heard, "Poor old Gilmore!" The old leader was by no means forgotten by the people he had often charmed. The men of the Seventh wore their dress uniform of gray, with the old-fashioned shakos, and the fact was noted. The Twenty-second and Twenty-third, and all other regiments and companies which possessed a dress uniform that distinguished them, were decidedly more picturesque and attracted more attention than the men in regulation attire.

The Seventy-first Regiment was followed by the First Battery, N. G. S. N. Y.; but the First Battery was led by Captain Louis Wendel, who rode a horse that danced to the notes of a bugle. The Captain is also an ex-Alderman, and known to everybody who attends all the parades on account of his waltzing mount. It was observed that none of the other officers rode circus horses, and the comments were not flattering. The Second Battery came after this, and then the sailor-boys of the Naval Reserve, with Mr Barnes, whom many in the crowd knew as "Jim," leading. The same ovation given to the bluejackets of the war-ships was bestowed upon these tall muscular-looking young men. They appeared businesslike, and were picturesque and very pleasing to look upon.

The Second Brigade was composed of out-of-town New York State regiments, and included the Signal Corps, Thirteenth, Twenty-third, Fourteenth, and Forty-seventh regiments, the Third Battery, and the Seventeenth separate company. Dr. Talmage, as chaplain of the Thirteenth, was generally recognized, and smiled broadly in response to the greetings he received. This finished the New York State militia, and the National Guard of Pennsylvania was next in order. Mr. Frederic Remington thinks these militiamen were the best-looking soldiers in the parade. They wore the new knapsack which rests on the hip, and they knew how to turn corners. Governor Pattison rode at the head of the brigade, smiling and bowing to the cheering crowds. The City Troop of Philadelphia acted as escort, and they too received much applause. The men rode well, and looked like soldiers, and their uniform and helmets were exceedingly picturesque. Upon their heels marched the Sixth, First, Second, and Third regiments, which were particularly noticed at first on account of their dress, but, like the preceding regiments where the regulation State suits were worn, the sight grew monotonous after a while. The hat of the Pennsylvania State troops was the dun-colored slouch hat worn in the regular army, and on the side was a miniature key-stone in red leather bearing the regiment number. The men were weighted down with all the necessary equipments of war, and were in heavy marching order. They seemed to stand the ordeal well, but it appeared unnecessary to subject them to such encumbrances in the way of knapsacks, blankets, overcoats, etc. The State Fencibles and the Gray Invincibles, the latter being composed of colored men, were well received.

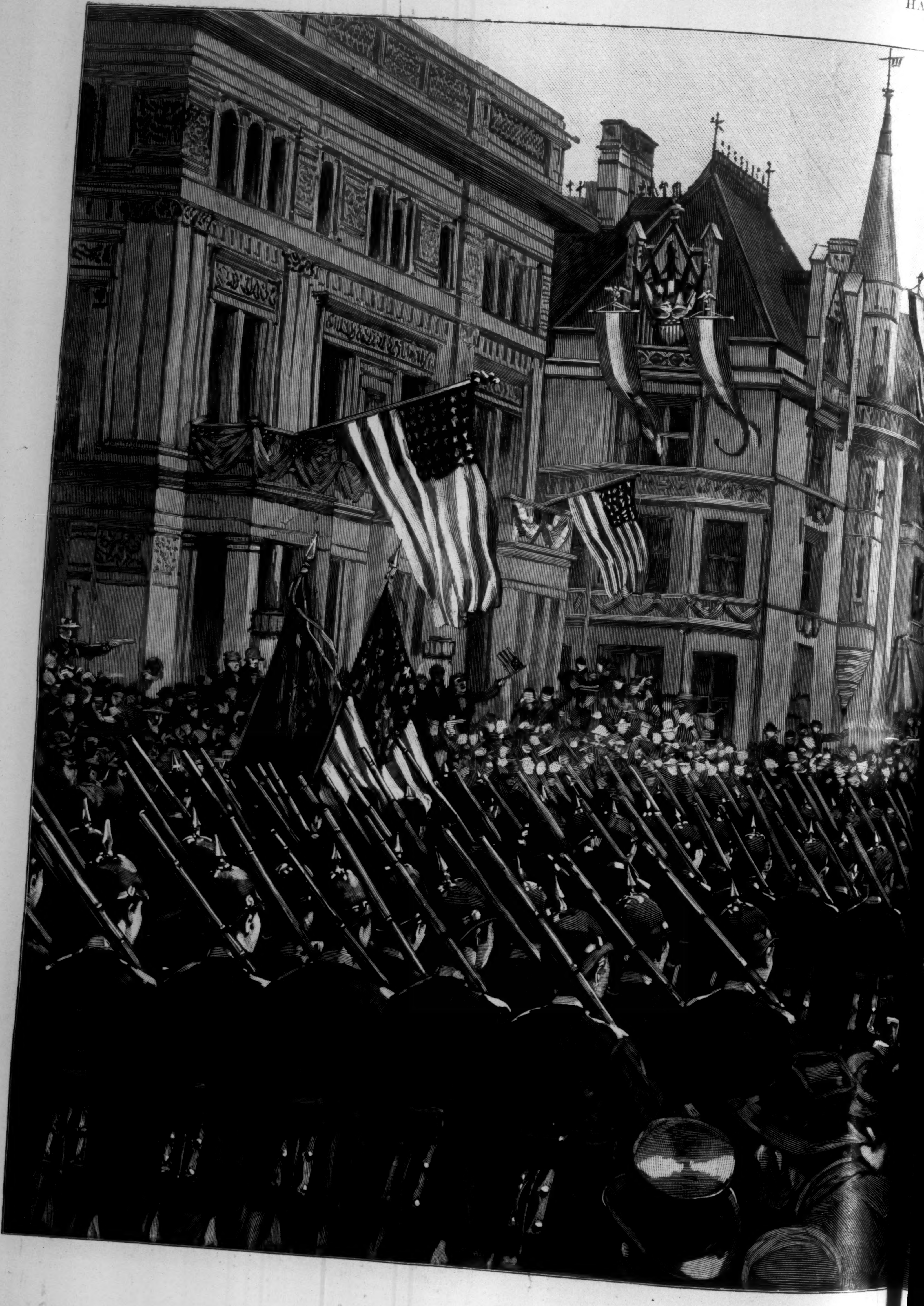
New Jersey proclaimed her coming by sending two men forward with banners announcing the State. The men looked uncomfortable, and the crowd did not help their feelings any. Governor Abbett was escorted by the Essex Troop, which compared favorably with all the other cavalry organizations. The Cadet Corps of the Fourth Regiment was the most popular with the spectators. The Gate City Guard of Atlanta followed the Jerseymen, and many of the crowd took them to be from the neighboring State, and while they wildly cheered, wondered where they belonged. By this time the Old Guard had generally dispersed in search of refreshments, although some of them were still in evidence. Connecticut came next, with one regiment from New Haven and three from New London, commanded by Governor Bulkeley, who was very affable. Then came the most popular Governor of the day, the "boy Governor" of Massachusetts. Governor Russell looks no more than thirty years of age. His eye is bright and his smile genial. Thunders of applause followed him, for the crowds saw him but for a moment, while he smiled and bowed—then he was gone. His escort, the colored Washington Fencibles, were scarcely noticed, so interested was the crowd in watching the young Governor and the reception accorded him in his onward progress.

THE NIGHT PAGEANT.

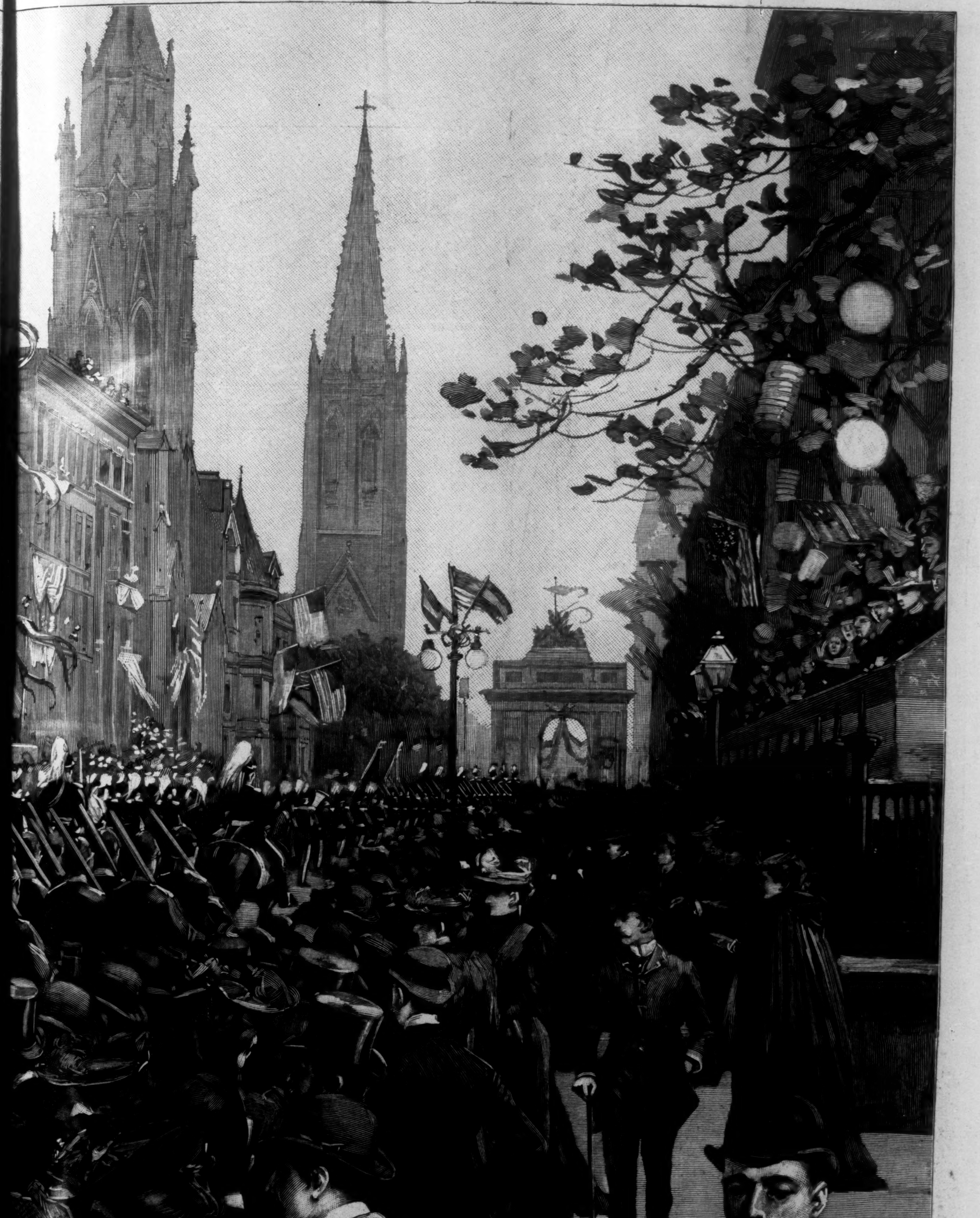
One million of people is the latest estimate of the number that viewed the great day parade, and the majority waited for the pageant of the evening. The restaurants, meanwhile, were packed with crowds of hungry and thirsty mortals. The paraders of the day mingled with the ordinary citizen, and uniform and street dress were equal in the mighty press. At eight o'clock in the evening every stand and every available place was taken. Some people had not moved from the position they had occupied during the day, and sat in the same seat for sixteen hours. In the darkness the crowd seemed more formidable than ever, and though the people were tired, they still possessed their holiday spirits, and good-nature reigned generally. They waited, however, only to be disappointed. The procession did not reach Eighth Street until midnight, and when it did come, headed by a wearisome and monotonous army of bicyclers, was so badly lighted that nothing could be seen of the floats or the equestrians. It was the only distinct failure of the celebration.

THE COLUMBIAN BANQUET.

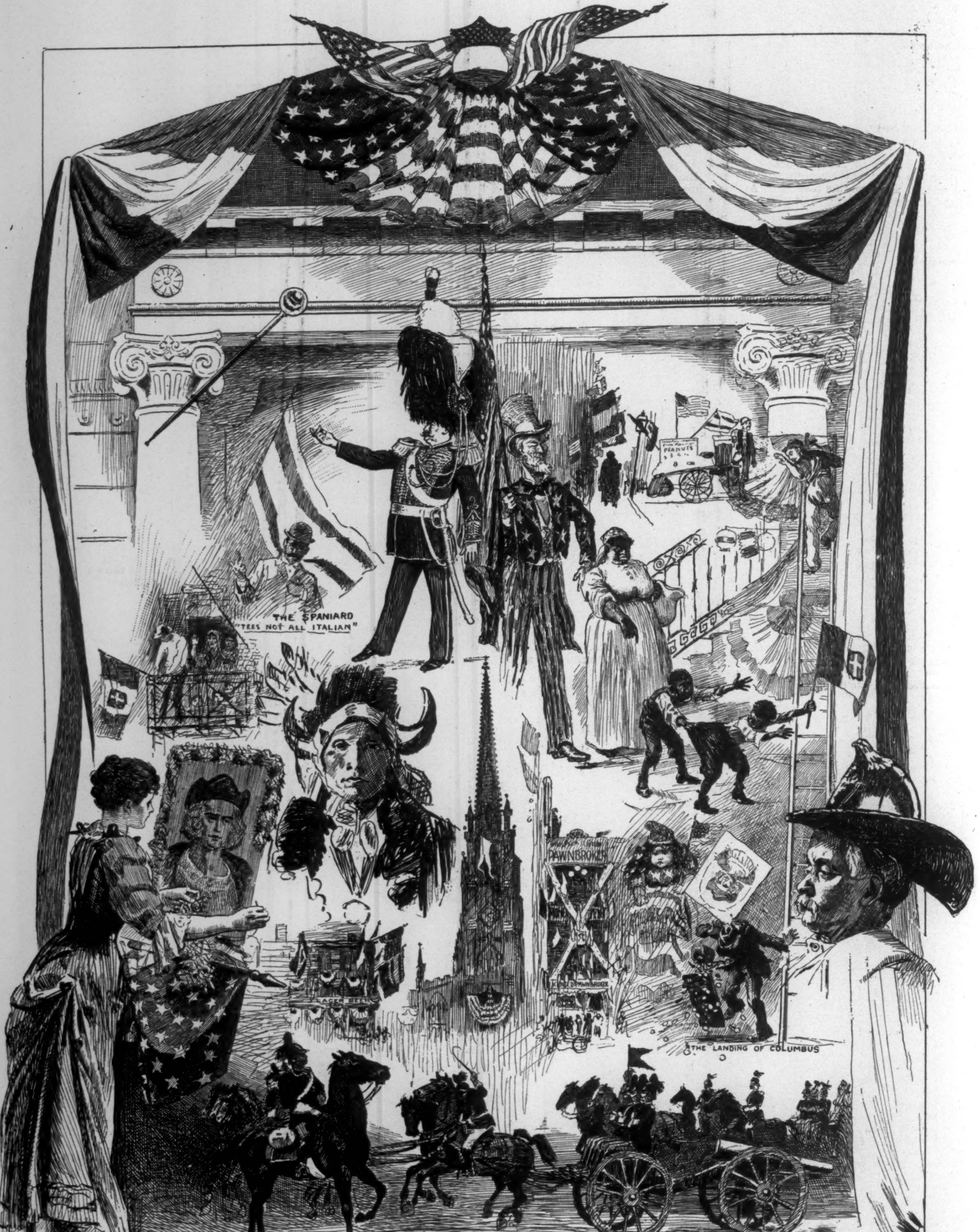
The festivities of the celebration in honor of the discovery were concluded by a banquet at the Lenox Lyceum. At the elevated guests' table at the head of the room were seated some notable men. In the centre was Mayor Grant, who presided and acted as toast-master. On his right was Vice-President Morton, and on his left Governor Flower. Next to Mr. Morton came Mr. Foster, the Secretary of State, ex-President Cleveland, President Arnold, of the Board of Aldermen, Baron Fava, the Italian Minister, Russell B. Harrison, the son of the President of the United States, and on the end Charles F. Wahle, secretary of the Committee of One Hundred. To the left of Governor Flower were seated ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, General John M. Schofield, General Horace Porter, Bishop Potter, ex-Senator Warner Miller, and William Sulzer. The dinner was chiefly interesting from the fact that, with the exception of those mentioned above, those who staid away were so much more distinguished than those who attended. The lists of those present conveyed as much idea of the diners' personality to the average New-Yorker as he would receive from reading the signs on the shops along lower Broadway.



THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK—T M



MILITARY PARADE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.


PEANUTS
THE SPANIARD
"TEES NOT ALL ITALIAN"
PAWNBROKER
THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS
C. BROUGHTON

THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION—BITS ABOUT THE CITY.—Drawn by Charles Broughton.

AMATEVR·SPORT

Harvard will never have a winning team until her coachers put more dash into the men, and the forwards get out of the idea that their usefulness ends with the initial play in each scrimmage. Harvard seems to be trying hard to develop neat and careful team-work, and to be giving the backs more attention than they had last year, but what team play there is is very scattered. The Amherst match emphasized this strongly. Harvard had few plays, and in all of them the backs did the running with the ball. Everything for these backs was cut and dried, every man behind the line had a certain position to fall into in each play, and he did it in every play with unfailing accuracy; the opposing players were blocked off in precisely the same way each time; the rush line having made holes rested on its laurels, those in the immediate vicinity of the play blocked off, while the others watched the proceedings. Harvard kicked only once or twice, and her backs were very loose in their work, allowing Amherst to secure the ball twice on her own kicks. Amherst got around the Harvard ends a few times, and although this is early in the season, it seems as if Harvard ought to stop a second-rate team like Amherst from circling the ends, and the latter half of the game showed that they were able to do so. Trafford made a few attempts to rush through the centre with the ball, but ran high, and because of this, rather than a lack of holes, did not gain much ground. The tackling of the team was not what it should have been.

One of the reasons Harvard's plays were made with such noteworthy precision seemed to me to be largely on account of the use of hands and arms in holding and blocking off. It is doubtful if any good umpire would permit Lake, half back, to grab an end rusher and give him a violent push with the hands, while the other half runs around the end. Flagrant violations of rule 25 were made in almost every play by Harvard, and it seemed intentional, as one of the Harvard coachers was umpire, and in no instance did he call a foul for this offence.

Whether this method of play is adopted temporarily to aid in developing clean plays, or with the idea that it will be allowed against Yale, can only be decided by watching them as the season advances. It seemed to me on that day that a good umpire would have spoiled their play.

That precision of play is very commendable, but it is only good time wasted unless the men have something else in mind besides simply wheeling into the allotted place. The first thing for Captain Trafford to impress upon his men is that when they have blocked their man they can do some more good by following the ball, and not idly watch the few making the play. I believe every man on the Harvard team is earnest enough, but their play gives the impression that they believe themselves all right, and do not wish to waste energy against inferior teams, feeling they will be able to bring out the necessary dash and activity when they meet Yale. I do not think the men feel this way, but so it impresses one.

Harvard cannot have forgotten her very weak defensive play at Springfield last November, or the rapidity with which Yale went through her for a touch-down at the very beginning of the game. It seems incredible that Captain Trafford will permit his men to fall into the same rut, that leads to but one end, again this year. Life and dash are what Harvard wants, and stiff and driving coaching, with every man on the team playing his best *every day*. The Williams games showed improvement in interference and more life along the line, though this team is a very weak one.

Much time has been spent on individual coaching, particularly in the centre. Lewis, the Amherst graduate, is the only man Harvard has for snap back, and it strikes me that a centre weighing less than 170 pounds must be an exceptionally powerful fellow to endure two 45-minute halves against a heavy team. Lewis, however, has a very fine muscular development, and he is quick, often successful in stopping plays some distance from his position. He keeps his eye on the ball and gets into every play. Acton is big and strong and fat and slow; physically speaking, he is great material, but utterly ignorant of the game or his position in it; he is willing to learn, but no man can learn one of the hardest positions on the field in a few weeks. He even lacks the experience which most men get in their preparatory schools. He is slow in getting through, and never tackles low—a serious fault, and a hard one for so large a man to correct. Waters, last year's left tackle, who has been moved to left guard, is also green in this position, but much aided by his experience at tackle. He is strong, active, and a hard worker, and ought to make a good man, though he has much to learn. Mackey, last year's guard, is now on the second team. He is heavier and stronger than Waters, but not so active, and not nearly aggressive enough. There is no one to take the places of these men if they were to be injured, neither Eddy nor Russell being up to the standard.

There is plenty of good material for tackle and ends. Newell is practically sure of his position, though at present much troubled by a lame wrist; Upton and Mason are making a hard fight for the other tackle. Upton filled the place well on Cumnock's winning team two years ago, and was ill all last year. He is not so strong as Mason, but perhaps uses his head to better advantage. Mason, though short, is very powerful, full of sand, and a hard, tireless worker; he does not always use his strength at the right moment.

Hallowell and Emmons are playing the ends, though there is good material if either should be injured. They are both slow in getting down the field on kicks, and apt to get snarled up in the interference.

Jack Fairchild has been at quarter lately, though there is not much to choose between him and Gage, and neither is so good as was Dudley Dean. Fairchild has a good head, and tackles well, and Gage has improved considerably over his last year's form. Lake is certain of one half-back position, and the other is vacant. Corbett runs well with the ball, and is very cool, but he never tackles anybody, and is not to be depended on in catching a long punt. His tackling last year was very poor. Grey tackles hard, and runs well, but is likely to be laid up after ten minutes' play, He is very sandy, but he cannot stand it. Brewer is a beautiful runner, and when he has a chance to put on a burst of speed no one can get near him; but he is laid up with a lame shoulder, and likely to stay so for some time.

The team is not so well off for coachers as either Yale or Princeton. Perry Trafford was down for a week, and Cumnock followed him with a week, and the balance of the time there are only John Cranston and J. P. Lee to aid Captain Trafford. Both are good, Cranston being the best centre Harvard ever had; but the team needs such an energetic spirit as Cumnock to keep them up to their work all the time.

There are four positions in the Yale line that even so early we may count on as determined and certain to be filled ably—both tackles and both ends. Barring accidents, Winter and Wallis will fill the former, and Hinkey and Cochran the latter. Winter will probably end the season with a great reputation as a tackle. Nothing like his bucking the line has been seen in football; he runs low, and when he strikes the line, with a force almost irresistible, he develops a kind of screw motion that seems never to fail in working him through. Wallis will be better than last year, when he was lame; he is not a showy player, but, like the great "Hef," he plays football all the time. Hinkey, the "silent man," is of course certain of one end; he has a method all his own, but it is very effective. Cochran is the best man Yale has to-day for the other end.

If as much could be said of the centre trio, Yale's line would be established for the season. But the manipulation of the centre reminds one of the similar performance over the same position by the Harvard coachers and captain last season. It would have been better for Harvard had her coachers on November 1st shaken the names of the half-dozen candidates up in a hat, and stuck to the first three drawn, rather than juggle the men about up to the eve of the Yale game.

Captain McCormick has tried Messler, Hickok, Beard, McCrae, Lyman, and Sanford at guard, and got but little satisfaction out of any of them. He has stuck to Stillman in the centre, but the latter does not get the ball back properly, and, unless he takes a great brace in the next few days, I shall expect to see a new man given every chance to make a name for himself in that position. Stillman was a failure there last year under the best of coaching, and gave way to Sanford. Sanford will be kept at guard if possible, so as to utilize his speed.

Of the rear guard of Yale's eleven, Graves, the most prominent of the new candidates, was the former captain of the Trinity eleven which made such a good record last season. He is a wiry, well-built man of about McClung's height, but considerably lighter weight—probably ten or fifteen pounds less. He is the best general player behind the line that Trinity has had in years. His kicking was above the average last year on drops, but his punting has not the distance of either Homans or Trafford. The Williams game gave the first opportunity of seeing what he could do as a half back, where Walter Camp moved him from full, and he certainly justified the good reports that preceded him to New Haven. His running was clever and strong. He was able to repeat when called upon, and fumbled only a little. Fumbling, by-the-way, seems to be the principal characteristic of all the teams thus far this season, for I never saw worse even in September. The Bliss boys are famed for it in New Haven; but in the Williams game, in which one of them did not play, Winter and Wallis kept up the average. Cochran played right end in this game in better style, and strengthened his grip on that position, with Greenway as a substitute.

Butterworth is a new man whose chances should not be overlooked. He was a member of last year's Freshman team, is tall, and has long legs, which seem likely to carry him rapidly, and make him a distance kicker into the bargain. He is being tried regularly at full back now, and it looks very much as though he were the man Yale has been looking for. He tackles well, but looks fragile for bucking a line. Dyer is another product of last year's Freshman team, and had several chances of showing his 'varsity calibre in games last year. He is a stocky, well-built fellow, and agile, but a "butter-fingers" on holding the ball. He has hurt his shoulder, and it may keep him out of the race. L. Bliss is also on the hospital roll-call. Young Richards is even more slender than Butterworth, although he kicks well. His aim is erratic, and some of his misses atrocious, but he has sand and good football blood in him. His brother was one of the brainiest players Yale ever had.

Captain McCormick has never fancied the position of full back, although he played it last season in an extremity, as it were. He longs for the place behind the snap back, for his early inclination and schooling were for a quarter. If in Butterworth he can find a satisfactory full back, he will never go there again. If he does not, Yale will miss his line bucking badly. No present candidate for full back will make the gains McCormick did last year, and it is a question whether he cannot be of greater service at full back than quarter, provided, of course, a good man could be found for the latter place.

Of the candidates for quarter, Adee has grown stronger than last year, and is in good physical condition. He is a hard and very dogged tackler, and has outstripped Lilly in the race because of that quality and following, although Lilly is the better passer.

The physical condition of the Yale team is always most carefully watched, but this year trainer Murphy, whom the Detroit Athletic Club was foolish enough to let go, has charge of the eleven, and if any man can make and keep them fit, he should. The team shows in its last work the benefit of the coaching it has been having. Knapp, "Kid" Wallace, "Billy" Bull, and Walter Camp have been "stirring up things" with good result. The interference has improved rapidly, and the halves follow better. The tackling is both high and uncertain, so much so that opposing teams get their men through with far more frequency than is usual against a Yale team.

Princeton is doing so much better than it was at this time last season that there is every good reason for sons of the orange and black to feel hopeful. The team is still in poor shape, but gradually improving under the efficient coaching it has been receiving. And herein lies another encouraging token, the eleven is receiving more attention than in a number of years. Tracy Harris, Irvine, Jones, Duncan Edwards, George, Alex. Moffatt, Hodges, Cash, and Jesse Riggs has each done his share, and best of all the team is to have some one of them every day. There are many grave faults for correction, especially the poor interference and the breaking through of the forwards. Balliett is playing a strong game at centre, and is much in advance of any man either Harvard or Yale has in that position. He is slow in putting the ball in play, possibly because he has an injured hand, but even so his two guards are much inferior to him. Hall, the new man, is very green, but he seems to have the proper stuff in him to make a player. He is full of faults naturally, especially in not getting low enough and in not keeping his eyes on the ball, but Riggs is coaching him carefully, and he begins to show more satisfactory work. He crashes into a "V" with great force, and tackles fairly well. Fiscus, the other new man trying for right guard, has been laid up with a bad knee. Wheeler, the left guard, is playing with some improvement, though he is still slow and tackles high. At times he will wake up and play with great vim, but his general work is better than at any time last year.

Princeton is weakest at tackle. Every one of the candidates is playing a poor game. Holly breaks through, but he is so busy tossing his man around that he is really out of the game so far as good team-work is concerned. I should think Holly would have learned a lesson on that subject never to be forgotten in the Yale game last year. He expended his energy and time shoving Wallis about, having forgotten apparently that there was a ball to be followed, while the Yale tackle actually played all around him. Holly ought to make a good man at tackle; he is strong and active; but he never will until he learns to follow the ball. Flint, Davis, and Taylor by no means fill the bill, and it looks now as if this would be a weak spot in the line. Davis has the advantage of knowing the game better, and he uses his head more. He and Flint are pretty good ground gainers. Taylor is strong, and a hard worker, but he is too tall, and not built for a tackle.

Captain King is more fortunate in the end positions, for which a number of men are trying, and all playing fairly well. Vincent has not fully recovered from his injury. Lea, Trenchard, and McCauley are doing the best of the lot. Lea is a willing hard worker, tackles well, and although still green, follows the ball better than the old men. Trenchard plays a stiff game, and follows the ball well. He has a very serious fault of diving into the centre, thus giving a chance for a long run around his end. A break of this kind in a match might, and undoubtedly would, prove disastrous. McCauley played on the scrub last year, and by hard work has made himself a good end. He tackles low and hard, and is very active. Just now these three are playing about equally well. The next week or two will decide the lucky man.

Johnny Poe is improving at quarter. He is very slow and passes poorly for a kick, but of course he is green yet, and the chances are he will fill the bill. King has been suffering with a bad side, and plays seldom. Bartels, Fulper, James, Burt, and Barnett are trying for left half. The last came very recently from Lawrenceville. He seems to have some promise, as he runs hard and low, but at present fumbles badly. James captained his class team last year, but he is too small and not strong enough. The others are just now on the sick-list.

The next ten days ought to show a great improvement in the team. As for their physical welfare, no trainer in America can put men in better condition and keep them there than Jack McMasters. And, by-the-way, it is only justice to say here, for the benefit of college men who do not have a peep behind doors, that the poor running of two or three of Princeton's athletic team last May, at the Intercollegiate championships, was due entirely to the fact that those men only a few days before the meeting went astray in the metropolis, transgressing all laws of training. That is the reason they ran so poorly, but it is no excuse for their shameful return of the loyalty of their college mates.

There will be no Harvard-Princeton football match this year, but I will risk declaring that we shall see a renewal of the annual contest between the two next year, and on a basis that will not again be so susceptible of rupture.

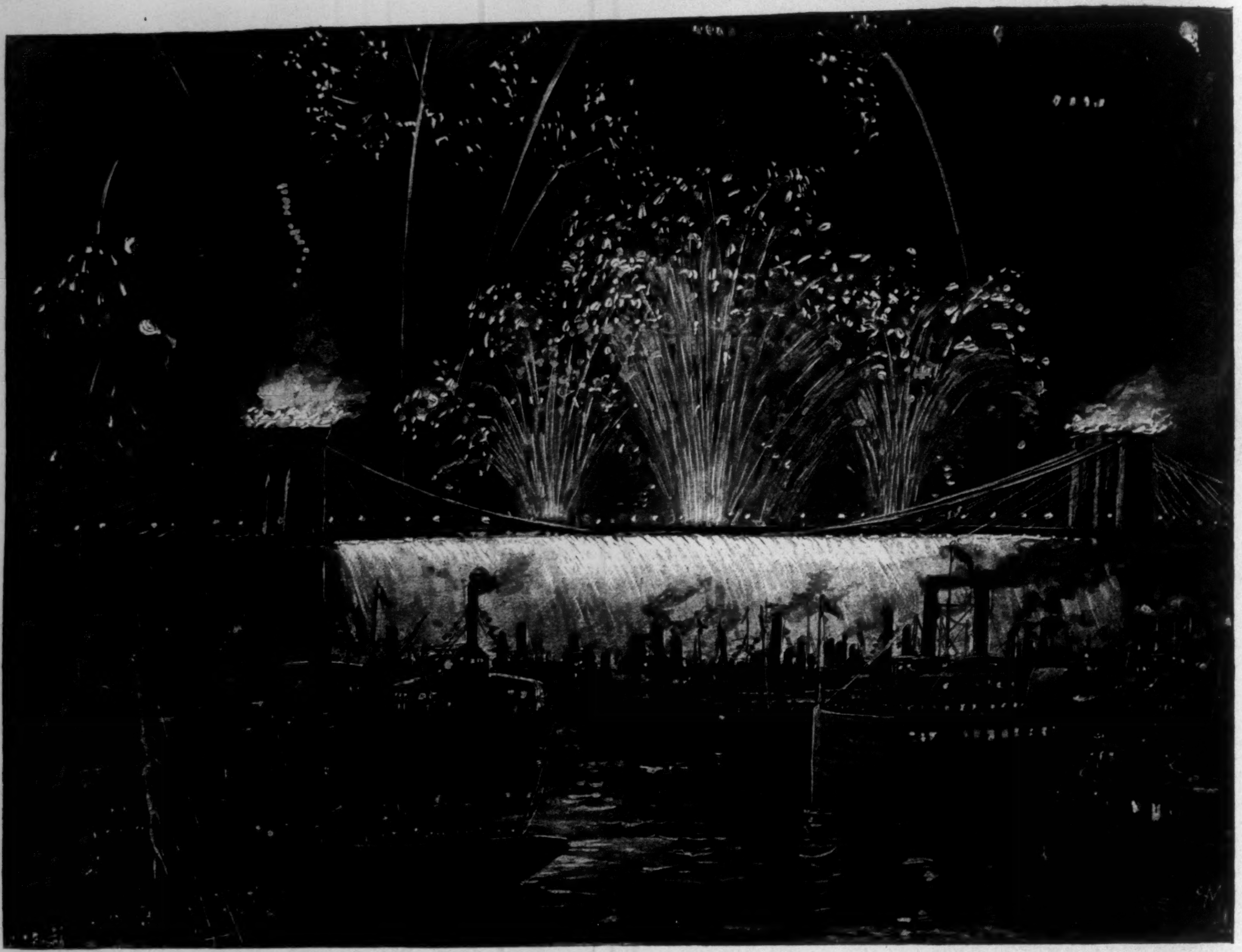
When University of Pennsylvania meets Wesleyan there will be a game worth seeing, for both are going to have strong elevens. The material the former showed against the Crescents on Saturday is very promising, especially in the hands of so able a coach as Woodruff. There is weight and a dash in the play of the men that plainly shows the Yale training of the coach. They are playing better football than last year this time, but show the prevailing tendency of the season to fumble. The chief criticism to be made of their game Saturday was the lack of concerted action on signals and the monotony of plays used. Of the old men there are Mackey, who is faster, and follows the ball better; Thornton, who has also improved; Adams, the best centre of the year; Schoff, whose game has fallen off a little under the cares of the captaincy; Camp, one of the gamest ground gainers on the field; and Martin, who got through Princeton's line last year for more yards than all the other backs combined. Simmons at left end and Knipe at full are new men, but they carried off the honors on Saturday. The latter is built from the ground up, is speedy, and a strong runner. Vail, at quarter, played two years ago; he is a hard and sure tackler, and gives plenty of assistance. Oliver, left guard, is a Lafayette man. He and Reese, right tackle, seemed the weakest of the team Saturday. Pennsylvania has good reason to feel encouraged. The Crescents deserve much more credit than they are given. They have put up a consistently good game of football ever since they first began, and under circumstances at times most disheartening. Saturday they played a strong defensive game, the most notable feature of which was Harry Beecher's several brilliant tackles. Wingate and Fish each did good work at left end, and Sheldon was the star back; he was worked to death, but made some good gains. Hotchkiss, who is not in shape, occasionally showed some of his old-time form. They played a plucky game from beginning to end.

A new claimant for Eastern football honors will be the team of the Chicago Athletic Association, which starts on its tour October 20th. No team ever enrolled so many famous players as this one. There are in all about twenty men, and these include Crawford, the old Yale back, who is the captain; Donelly, the Princeton end; Rafferty, of Lehigh; Dean, Alward, and V. Harding, of whom Harvard still boasts; Holcomb, the Yale centre; great Heffelfinger, whom all Yale still mourns; Morrison, Heffelfinger's side partner; Janeway, Channing, and "Snake" Ames, Princeton's mighty trio; and Remington and Malley. They play Harvard on October 25th.

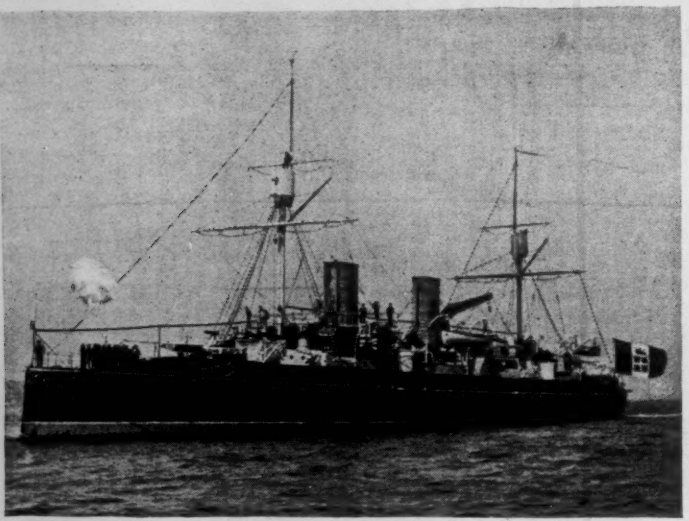
All but four of these live in Chicago, and as the men giving their training some attention, they are likely to come East and scatter dismay among some of our college elevens. Yale has not cared to run the risk, as she refused a date.

Caspar W. Whitney.

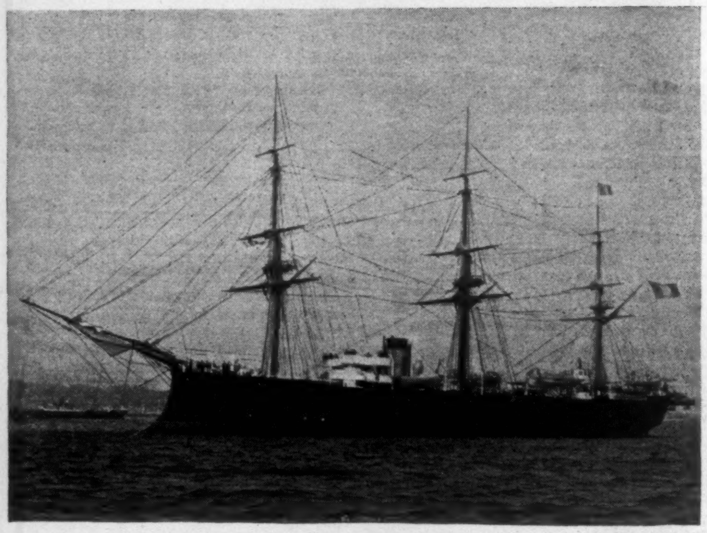
"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By Walter Camp.—With 31 Illustrations.—Price, $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.



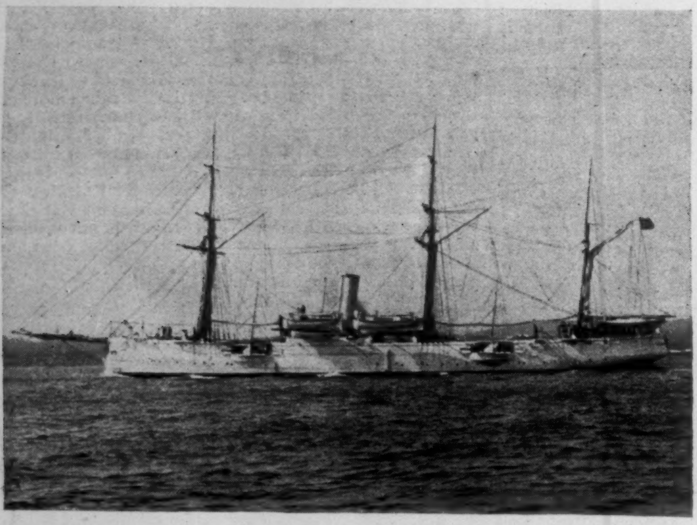
THE PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.



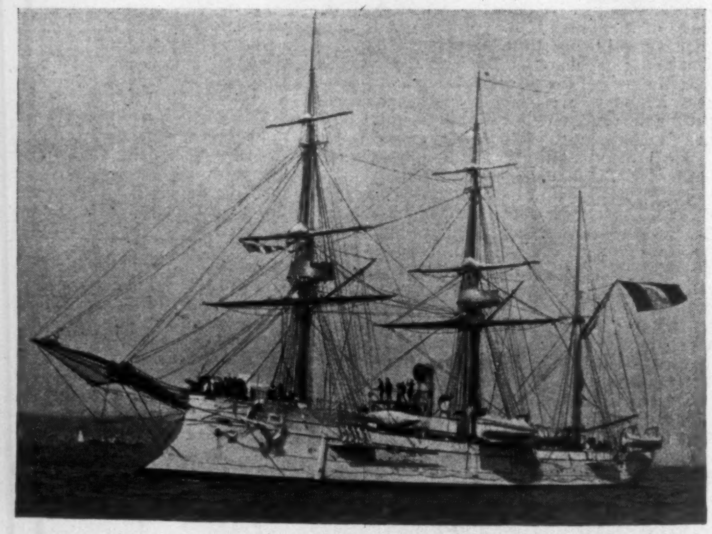
THE ITALIAN WAR-VESSEL "GIOVANNI BAUSAN."



THE FRENCH WAR-VESSEL "ARÉTHUSE."

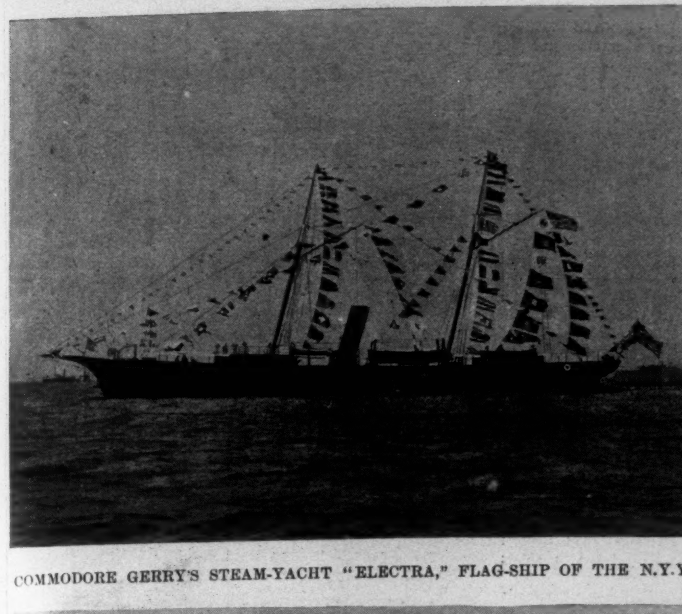


THE SPANISH WAR-VESSEL "INFANTA YSABEL."



THE FRENCH WAR-VESSEL "HUSSARD."

THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLLES.



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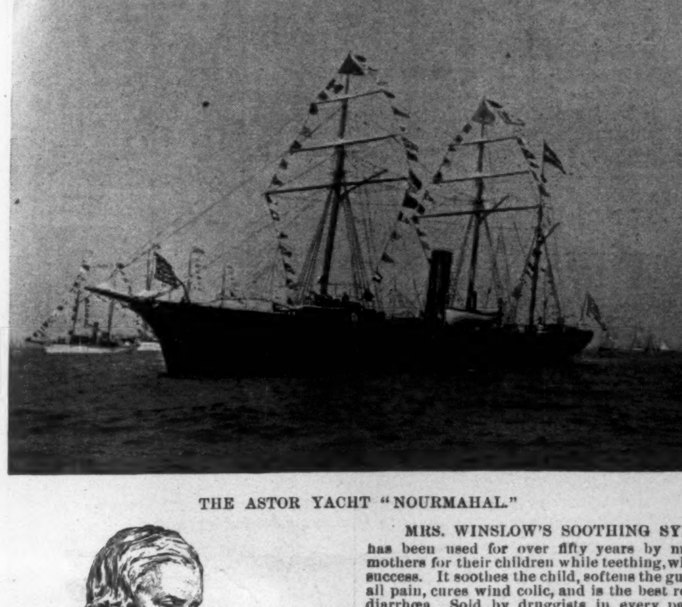

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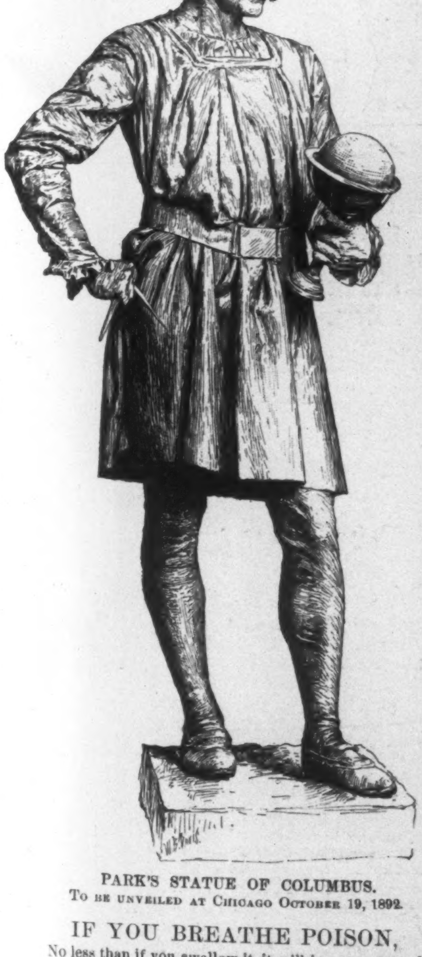

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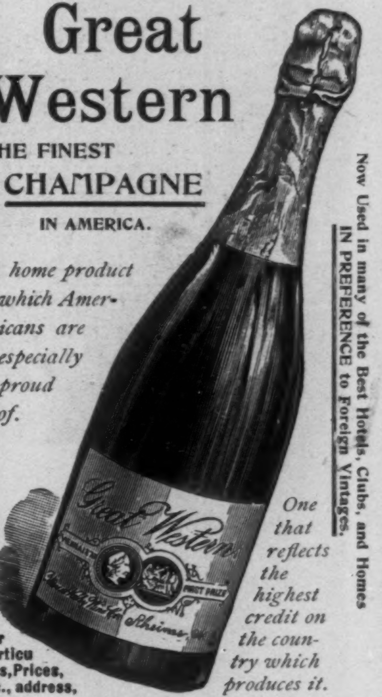

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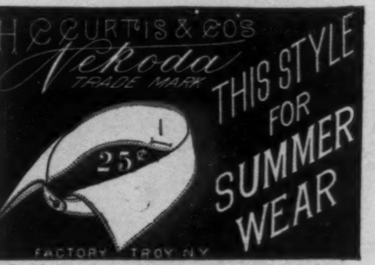

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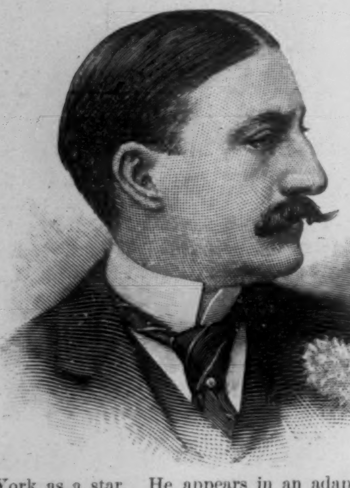
PERSONAL.

Of all the photographs taken of him, Mr. **John Drew** considers the one of which this picture is a reproduction the best. Mr. **Drew** has made his first appearance in

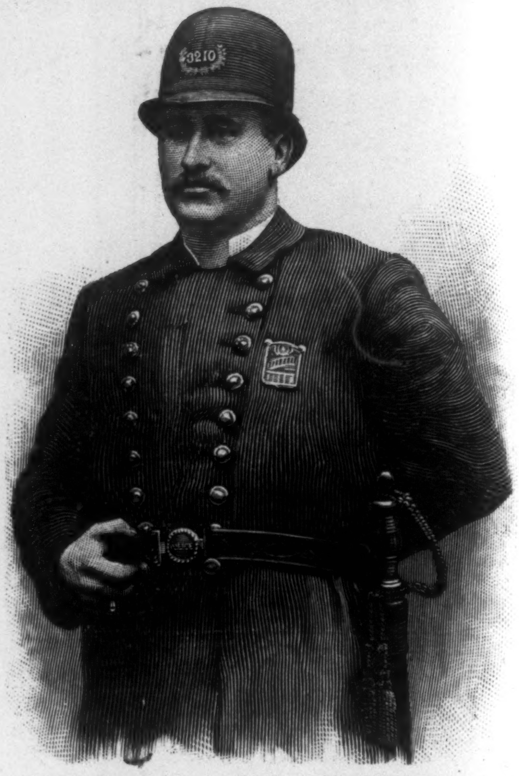


New York as a star. He appears in an adaptation from the French by **Clyde Fitch**, called *The Masked Ball*, which proves amusing and clever. Even if it had not been a success, Mr. **Drew** would have found that his friends are numerous enough and his personality strong enough to have filled the house at which he is playing for some weeks to come. He has probably a larger speaking acquaintance than any other man in New York, and is the personal friend of the same "smart" young gentlemen he represents on the stage. He is a member of several clubs, and rides, drives, and fences as well as the young men of New York who inherited fortunes from their fathers instead of talent. As a star, Mr. **Drew** will undoubtedly succeed. He is ambitious, clever, and already of national reputation as an actor, and he has a good play, a good manager, and every one's good wishes.

—The death of Mr. **Theodosius Bartow** removes a well-known gentleman of the old school from the social and mercantile circles of New York life. Mr. **Bartow** was a Baltimorean by birth, the son of the Rev. **John Vanderbilt Bartow**, of the Episcopal Church. In the year 1840 he came to this city a young man, and entered the firm of **Edgar J. Bartow & Co.**, where he remained until a dissolution of partnership occurred, when he became treasurer of the Chelsea Paper-Manufacturing Company, of Norwich, Connecticut. Subsequently he established the firm of **Theodosius Bartow & Sons**, brokers in paper, chemicals, and paper-makers' materials. He was twice married, and leaves two sons and a daughter, Mrs. **Theodore Foulke**. He was a warm friend of the founders of the house of **Harper & Brothers**, and the cordial relations, personal and business, which began with them half a century ago continued in unbroken line through the second and third generations up to the day of his death. Mr. **Bartow**'s admirable qualities made him a general favorite, and his loss will be sincerely mourned by many to whom he had endeared himself.

—**M. W. Brady**, to whom **Harper's Weekly** has recently been indebted for photographs of the Grand Army celebration in Washington, is one of the veteran photographers of the country. Reproductions of several examples of Mr. **Brady**'s work appear in the issue of this journal for October 1st—school-children greeting the veterans as they passed the Treasury Building, September 20th; the head of the Massachusetts column passing Willard's Hotel; model of the *Kearsarge;* and ex-prisoners of war on the steps of the City Hall at Washington.

—Policeman **Edward E. Griffenhagen**, whose portrait is given here, made a wonderful reputation for courage and bravery during the parade of October 12th. He is the hero of the day in New York. As one of the great engines of the city Fire Department passed along the line at Union Square, the three horses which were drawing it took fright. Seizing the bits in their teeth, they dashed along the street, free from any control of the driver, who lay back in his seat pulling impotently on the reins. The crowd saw at once that the horses were running away, and it meant death to many should they dash into the human mass. But Officer **Griffenhagen** saw the danger in time, and rushing out, caught one of the horses by the bridle. He was tossed to and fro by the mad horses, but he still maintained his hold and checked their onward rush. Then a dozen policemen responded, and the horses were halted and a great calamity averted. The Police Board at their next meeting voted Officer **Griffenhagen** a medal.



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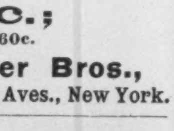

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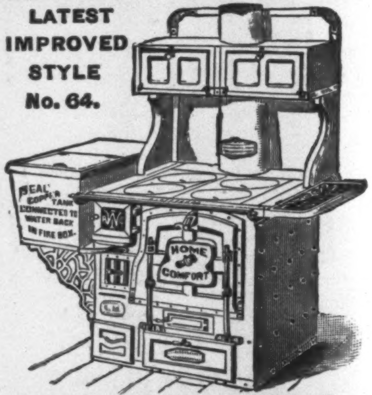
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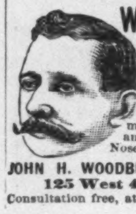

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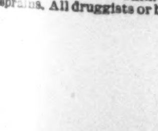

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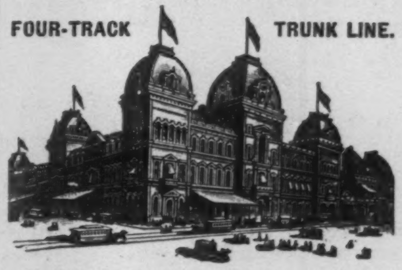

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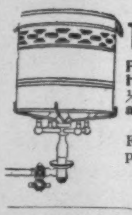

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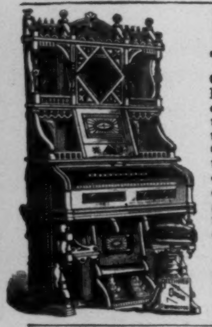

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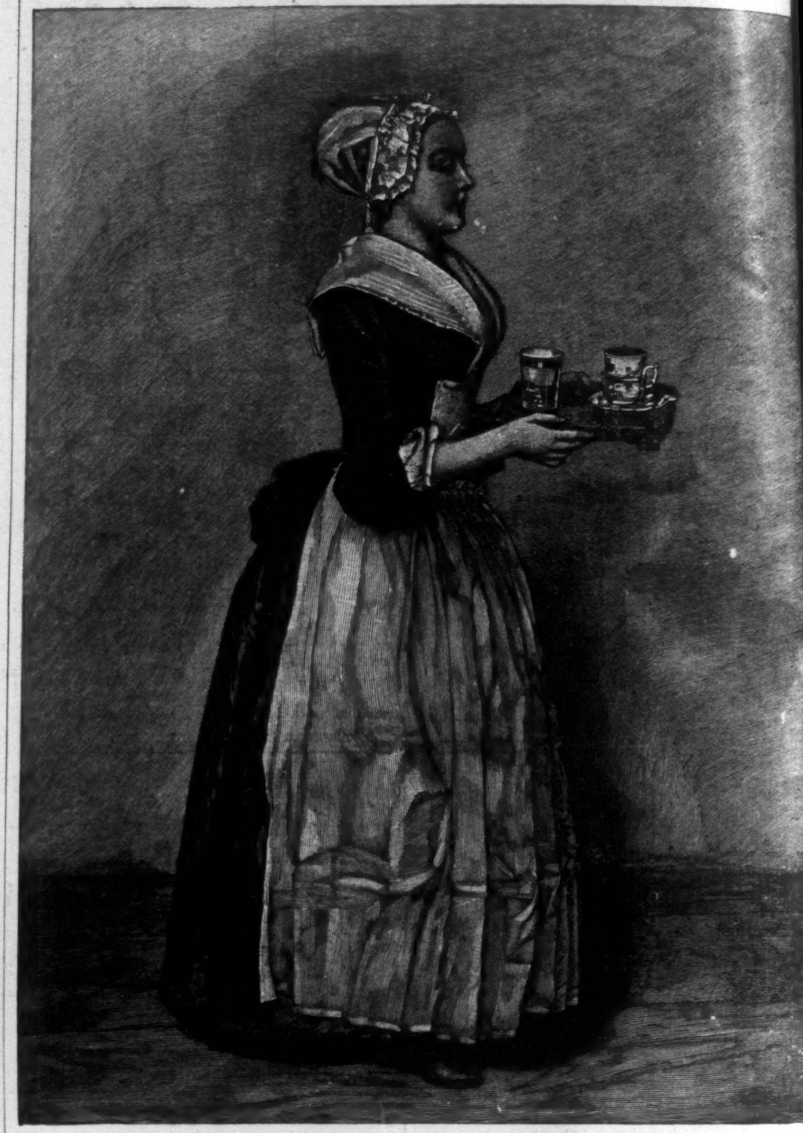

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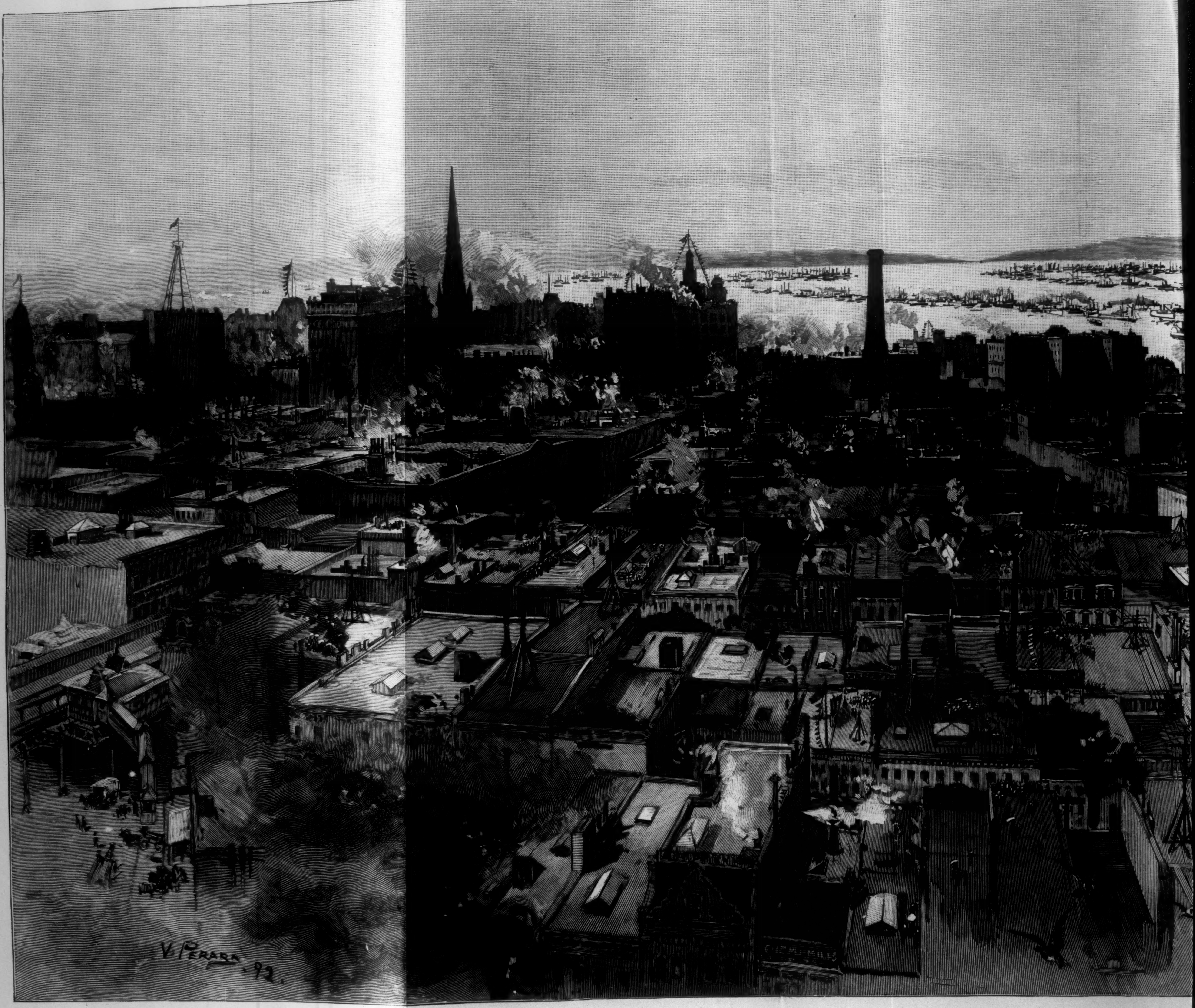

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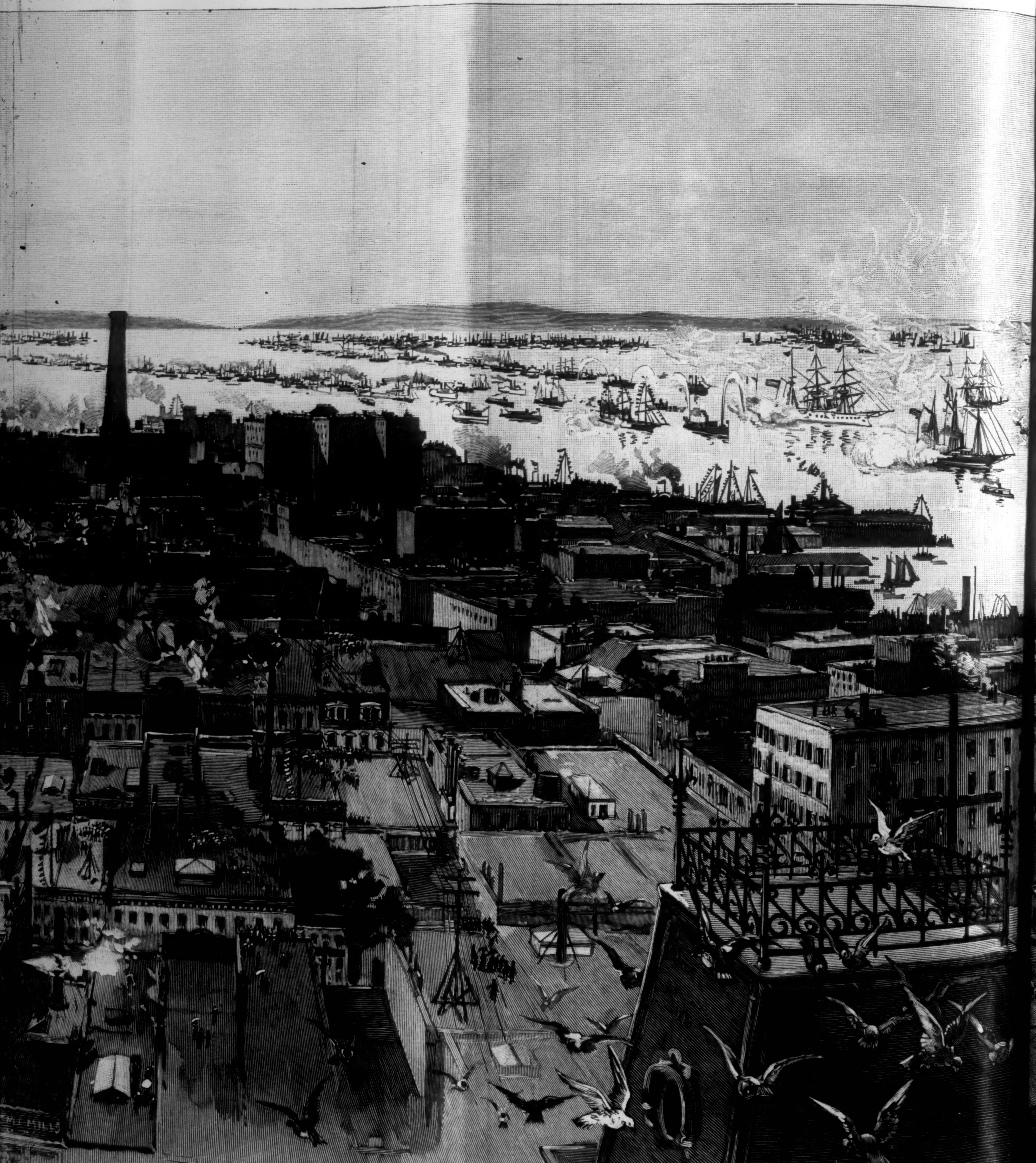

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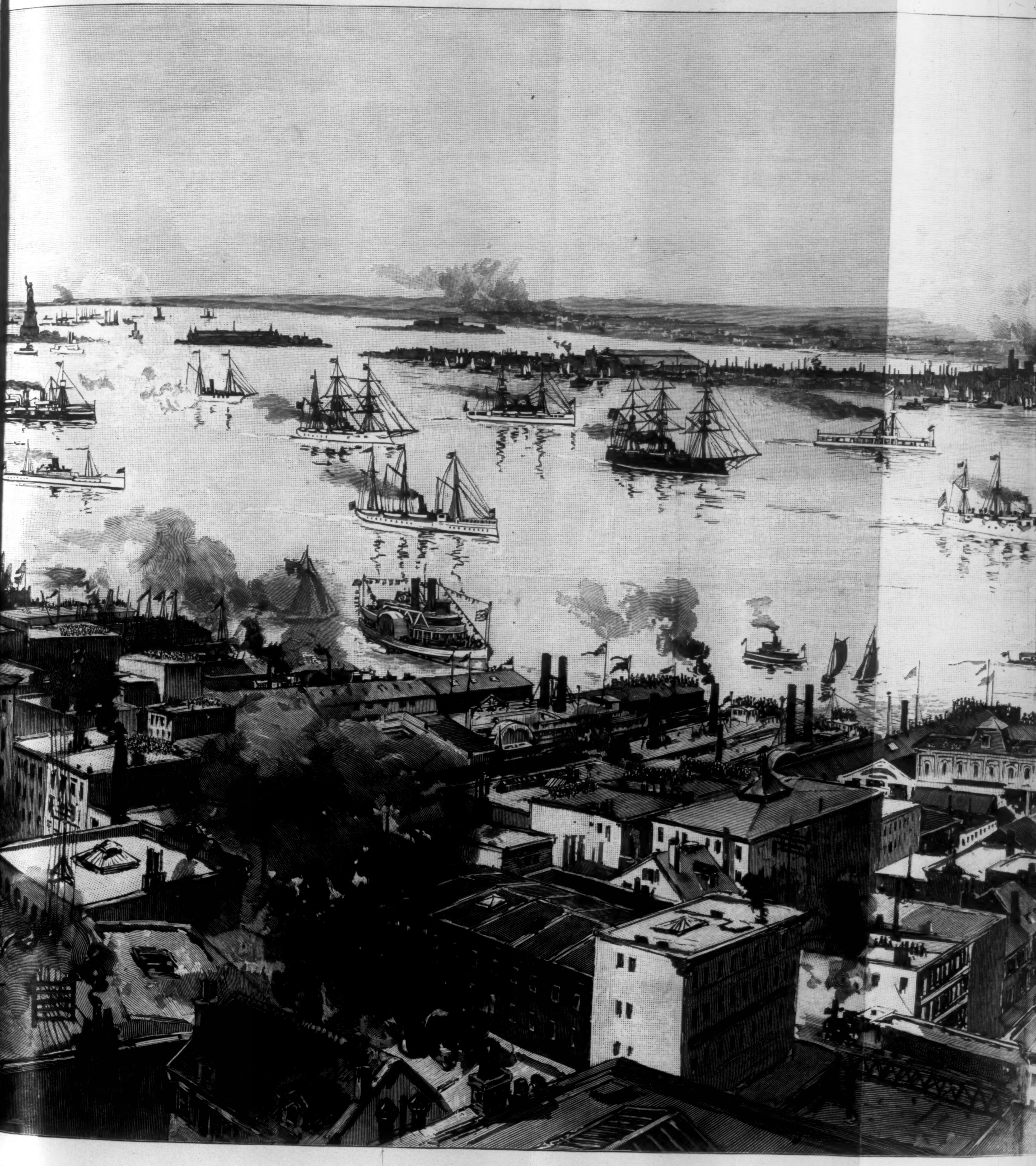

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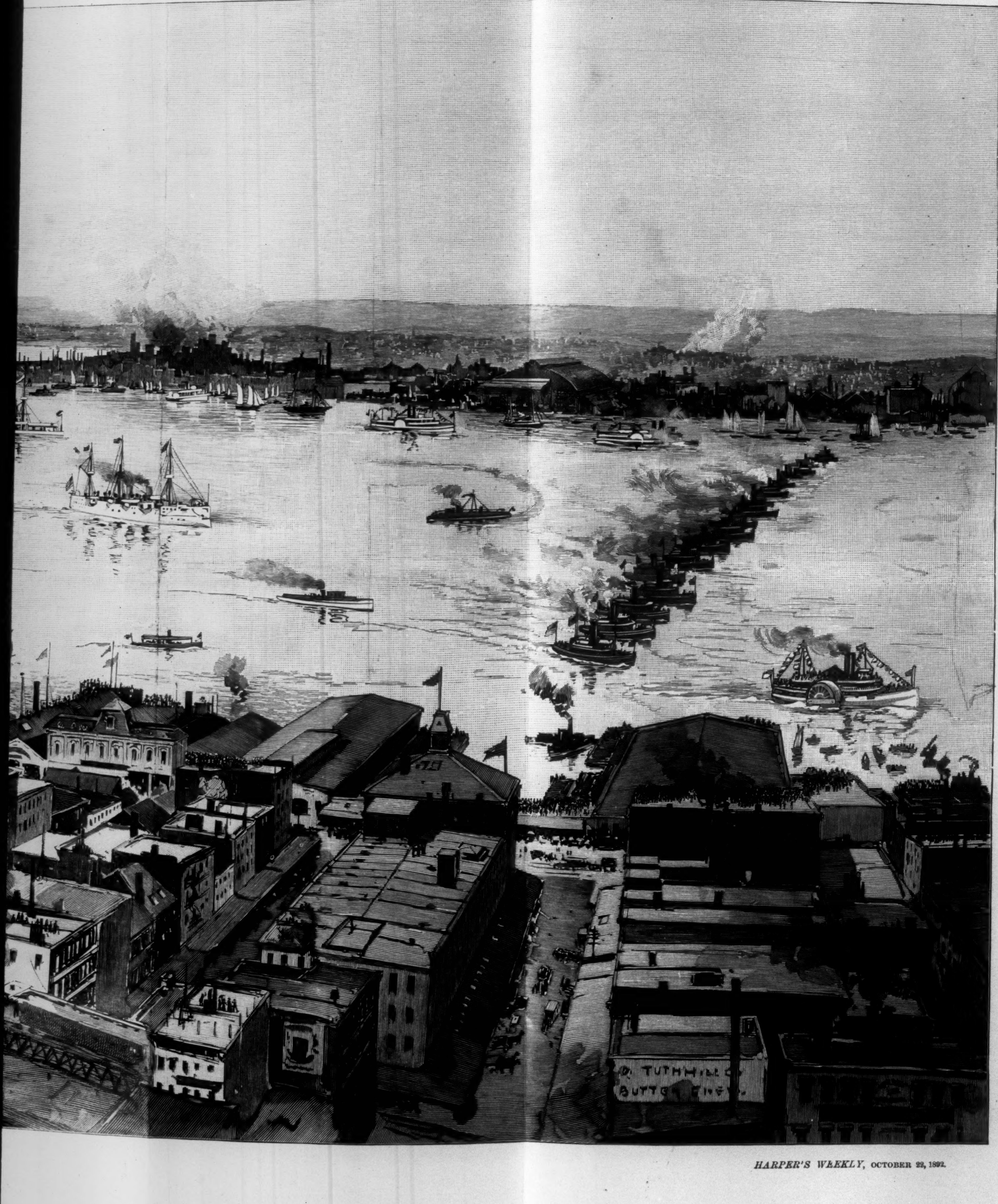

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